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# ART

*Including "Creative Art"*



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*The American Federation of Arts, Washington*

# 26<sup>th</sup> ANNUAL CONVENTION

## THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS

WASHINGTON, D. C.   ★   ★   ★   MAY 20, 21, 22

### PRELIMINARY PROGRAM

#### MONDAY, MAY 20

- 9:00—10:30 A. M.   Registration
- 10:30 A. M.   Welcome—and Report of the Board of Directors  
F. A. Whiting, President
- 11:30 A. M.   THE GOVERNMENT AND THE ARTS
- 12:30 P. M.   Luncheon.   Discussion: "How The Artist Serves His Community"
- 2:30 P. M.   THE ART MUSEUM AND ITS COMMUNITY SERVICE
1. What The Federation Does
  2. How The Larger Museums Cooperate
  3. Reports From Chapter Museums
- 4:30— 6:30 P. M.   Reception, Phillips Memorial Gallery
- 7:00 P. M.   Round Table Dinner.   Discussion: "Exhibitions — Educational Services"

#### TUESDAY, MAY 21

- 10:00 A. M.   COLLEGES AND SECONDARY SCHOOLS
1. Cooperation From Museums and Larger Colleges
  2. Services of The Federation
  3. Reports From Chapter Schools and Colleges
- 12:30 P. M.   Luncheon  
Afternoon Free for Gallery Visits, etc.
- 4:30 P. M.   Reception (to be announced later)
- 8:30 P. M.   Textile Museum of the District of Columbia  
Address by George Hewitt Myers, Director

#### WEDNESDAY, MAY 22

- 10:00 A. M.   THE ART ASSOCIATION AND ITS COMMUNITY RESPONSIBILITY
1. Services Available From The Federation
  2. Other Services of Assistance
  3. Reports From Chapter Associations
- 12:30 P. M.   Luncheon.   Discussion: "More Beautiful Communities"
- 2:00 P. M.   BUSINESS SESSION
- Election of Directors  
Resolutions
- 3:00 P. M.   Meeting of the Board of Directors
- 7:30 P. M.   Banquet—In Conjunction With The College Art Association



# PLAN NOW TO COME



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Kyogen Mask, Wood, Japanese, 18th or 19th Century Cover  
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*Members of the staff can frequently be reached through our New York office in the Squibb Building 745 Fifth Avenue. All mail should be addressed to the Washington office.*

## AUTHORS IN THIS ISSUE

PEPPINO MANGRAVITE, one of the well-known young progressive painters, has also written on art for *The Arts*, the *Saturday Review of Literature*, and *Progressive Education*. He has pictures in the Whitney Museum of American Art, New York, in the Corcoran Gallery and the Phillips Memorial Gallery, Washington, and other public and private collections. He is head of the art department of the Ethical Culture School, New York.

E. M. BENSON resumes this month his series on the Forms of Art. He has appeared frequently in these pages, writing on a variety of aspects of art. He has also written on the arts for *Creative Art*, *Parnassus*, *The Nation*, *The New Republic*, and other periodicals.

E. BARNARD LINTOTT is not exclusively a water color painter as his exhibition at the Knoedler Gallery earlier this year again

proved. Like many a Britisher, however, he is keenly interested and expert in this medium. This interest has led him to write a book on the subject: *The Art of Water Colour Painting*, brought out by Charles Scribner's Sons.

DUNCAN PHILLIPS, FORBES WATSON and PHILIPPA WHITING are all Associate Editors of the Magazine. Mr. Phillips is perhaps best known as Director of the Phillips Memorial Gallery, Washington, but he has also written keenly on the art of painting. Among his books are *The Artist Sees Differently*, and *A Collection in the Making*. Mr. Watson was critic on the old *New York World* and the *New York Evening Post*, was Editor of *The Arts*, and last year was Technical Director of the PWAP. Mrs. Whiting was been on the staff of the Magazine for over four years. She is now also studying art history at New York University under Drs. Walter W. S. Cook, Erwin Panofsky, and Richard Offner.





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BOTTICELLI: ADORATION OF THE MAGI

Purchased by Andrew W. Mellon from the Hermitage through M. Knoedler and Company



April 1935

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## SPRING FEVER

OUTSIDE the window this morning the green of the grass had a new shimmer of fresh life. Now that it is noon the air is heavy and a little sweet. Spring is here and with it spring fever. Nothing is further from the first thought or the first impulse than to look at pictures, or even to admit that only yesterday looking at pictures was a joy. Must someone else, today, look at pictures for me and for those other reluctant people who move along the street with ill-disguised lassitude?

Having established an alibi for the day does not mean that I condone this laziness in myself or in others. With most of us spring fever in front of pictures is a year-round habit, a perennial state of mind. However we may exclaim about them as we pass by, our oh's and ah's and our sniffs of aspersion are seldom prompted by serious judgment. We have scarcely seen the pictures we are so swift to appraise. And whereas our susceptibility to the torpor of spring is justified, because we just naturally succumb to this blandishment of nature, with art it's a different matter. The lethargy of the gallery-walker is a disease of the mind, and it knows no season.

Indolence and inertia may be the cause of this blindness which narrows and flattens the average mortal's world. It is not only art that finds us blind; we are as little used to seeing the raw materials of art as we are the revitalized synthesis of these things in a completed work. We have to wait for a fresh morning to have our eyes opened to the stabbing green of a little plot of grass; we must await a miracle before our minds open to the throbbing or melting color of a good picture. Yet it is a simple miracle, whether its unfolding takes a moment or a year.

In the first place we must want to see; then we must be willing to look. Impatience prompts us to look too actively. But greed won't turn the trick. We must have good manners and let the picture do the work for which it was created. Now, when I look across the room at the Renoir flower piece that has been there many months it comes alive, almost seems to breathe. Its atmosphere now includes me; now I see its yellows, reds, greens, and blues with an intensity as vibrant as that which made the grass miraculous this morning.

F. A. WHITING, JR.

# THE AMERICAN PAINTER AND HIS ENVIRONMENT

BY PEPPINO MANGRAVITE

"I have heard what the talkers were talking, the talk of the  
beginning and the end,  
But I do not talk of the beginning and the end.

There was never any more inception than there is now,  
Nor any more youth and age than there is now,  
And will never be any more perfection than there is now,  
Nor any more heaven or hell than there is now."

*Walt Whitman*

TWO elements enter into the work of the painter—his personality or individuality and the sum of the knowledge of his art. For him they are unchangeable. For him they have no beginning and no end. They are just there—these elements that he has to work with. His knowledge may have come to him through many schools. He dare not cast out any of it in that expression of his own personality that his mood may call for. Who shall say to him "Start here?" Or "End there?" He gives for the enjoyment and enrichment of the world what is born of his own individuality. In this way the work of the creative artist differs from all things in the non-creative realm of endeavor. That is as it should be, in a world where all things are ready to one's hand: where there never was and never will be any less of them—nor more. And where the only right problem is, what use shall be made of the sum of this existing knowledge and material? Therein lies the hope for the progress of the world in thought and imagery. The creative artist gives to the world new thoughts and new desires of living—new images of things that are and will always be.

The thing is not so simple as this, however. The painter touches life at many angles today, and is himself touched by them. Particularly today he comes counter to economic necessity, to a swift and unnatural way of living, and is jostled by the crowd, by the ignorant, the unthinking, the opinionated. And they are all shouting for this and that—

they know not what. So that amidst the social confusion and aesthetic patter of the day, the contemporary American painter has become a keen observer and a perplexed spectator. His thoughts, though, are hindered by concepts—symbols invented by intellectual cliques and by political journalists, who give meanings to changing phases of life long before they have been interpreted, accepted and made usable by the whole body of the American people.

Changes and "revolutions are formed in the soul and not by the whispered word." At the present stage of our development as an art-conscious nation, the aesthetic revolution is existent only in the spirit of the artist. All else attributed to it are notions which academic professors mold into theories, and journalists into manifestoes. Since these have become a matter of concern to the artist, an inquiry into their cause is in order. Let us consider what concerns the contemporary American painter, and what are these proclamations that whip him into ranks he strongly opposes.

The growing implications which tend toward financial insecurity are serious with him. But it happens that he has coped with them before, and has not permitted them to effect the quality of his work. When social conditions ran a placid course and cliques and cults were more or less a family affair, he made a miserable living; but at least he enjoyed his due privileges as an individual, he worked according to the dictates of his own beliefs, and was admired for this and praised for his in-





*Courtesy Whitney Museum of American Art*

WINSLOW HOMER: DEFIANCE—INVITING A SHOT BEFORE PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

dividuality. Today he is in danger of losing those privileges. A dozen forces claim him at the same time. The Marxist gentry claims him on the assumption that he belongs essentially to "the people." The PWAP drafts him to its new scheme of regimentation of the artist. Aesthetic social workers urge him to join their protective agencies. Local societies flatter him and in return he suffers their provincialities. Regional communities define the boundary lines of the subject matter of his painting. From every corner of the nation he is praised or condemned for the "American flavor" or lack of it in his work. Tons of literature analyze him every year. The Europeans laugh at him for leaving their schools while still so young. And his landlord wants him arrested for not paying his rent. Does anybody wonder why the contemporary painter is perplexed?

There was a time when, if he wished to avoid a cult, a clique, or any other annoyance, all that he had to do was to seclude himself or move elsewhere. Today seclusion is no longer possible. The daily newspaper stares

him in the face with its growing "art patriotism." The radio surprises him with contradictory sales talks on American art. The mails flood him with political pamphlets, manifestoes, warnings, threats. He cannot escape. He is marked, catalogued, pigeon-holed and registered. Why?

Let us consider, too, his temperament and working habits, his environment and subject matter. This strange being whom everybody claims for his special tool, idol, or whim, this much abused "queer duck," the American painter, is, at heart, an upright and conscientious citizen, and by temperament, a rebel; the destroyer and re-creator of ideas. He is an ambiguous product of a long filtration of puritanism and of a pagan society—with an unparalleled gusto for living. This last he acquired during the moral cataclysm, in the early 'twenties, when the last Protestant psalm was analyzed. He paints, because painting, after many years' association with the great art of the world, has become a habit with him; as serious a habit as the one of law, and as important. No matter what are his special





GEORGE CALEB BINGHAM: STUMP SPEAKING

Collection St. Louis Mercantile Library Association

ways of working, he goes about it in his characteristic unperturbed American way. It is when these are tampered with directly by chauvinistic forces which threaten to change his habits, that he comes out of his domain, to investigate and to inquire.

The glib talk by ambitious journalists and fanatic social reformers about the aesthetic values of the day, with their parochial insistence upon the application of these values to an essentially American environment, "is exerting on the creative artist a destructive intellectual influence, which he must reject and oppose if he chooses to continue his painting." This he must do not only from principle, but from necessity; for his attitude toward life and art are diametrically opposed to those whose special vocation is to talk and write about the work of others. The artist has never been in tune with the droning and buzzing of his time. Even today he is absorbed in preparing the way for new ideas—and those for himself only. It follows, of course, that

his generation will benefit from the result, which he alone can arrive at through the laborious process of personal perceptions. But it happens that his generation values its set of formulas above the clear perceptions of the creative artist. This attitude is causing conditions which are pushing him into the ambiguous role of moralist and image-maker. In other words, instead of allowing the seeds of his ideas to sprout naturally, he is asked to subject them to the fashionable aesthetic dogmas of the day.

Meanwhile, the environment to which he contributed a heritage of old world ideas, is changing scene; it is "going American." It is sprouting forth pictorial platitudes that are obscuring the line of vision and distorting the sense of perspective. It is not because the artist cannot distinguish between the new concepts given him that his thoughts are disturbed, but because of the demands which these concepts are imposing upon him. These demands are simply the yearnings of a mud-





*Courtesy Frank K. M. Rehn*

FRANKLIN WATKINS: MAN LAUGHING AT A WOMAN

dled social system, which strives to regain a cultural equilibrium through the exploitation of its creative workers. It enlists every creative mind, regardless of its predilections or inclinations to the service of political dogmas. It compels the artist to come out of his sphere of thought in order that he may be influenced by the new formulated environment, and thus contribute to American culture by creating "an essentially American art."

The American artist has always been influenced by the natural forces of life and nature around him. Even during that most absorbing period of technical experimentation brought forth by the ideas of Cézanne, his work was strongly influenced by the genuine dispositions and attitudes of his environment. It is only when this is imposed on him as a concept that its content eludes him, for he becomes conscious of the obtrusive symbol. Environment to him is a background of traditional and personal percepts, on which he hinges all those aspects of culture, life and

nature that he can make subservient to his work. In it lies the raw material of the American scene.

Since the Civil War, the American scene has not undergone so rapid and baffling a transition as is taking place today. And this is not wholly due to the present economic upheaval. The social and aesthetic values held sacred by an older generation are being reevaluated, and in the process the best of these are lost. In fact, those values which should insure the attitude and point of view essential to finding one's way in the modern world, are being questioned mostly by those who claim for tradition its standards and ideals, its knowledge and skill. Urging the artist to hold fast to ideals of his tradition by expressing only the life of his "locale" does not insure unity of purpose in the reconstruction of national culture. The ideas and dispositions of a gregarious people, such as we are, must not be confined within segregated communities. What incentive would there be for

cultural development if our thoughts and actions were to be controlled by the limitations and provincialities of our "locale"? The chance of having been born in New England, Minnesota, Wyoming, or any other place does not really matter to the artist, nor does it to art. Having been born in "a place" or living in a "locale" are not necessary requisites to him in order to give durability to tradition through the permanence of his art. If the mind and spirit which guide his work are not moulded, by his interest and honesty, to a detached comprehension of the natural intercourse of his whole environment, locality and environment will have no meaning for him. They will never unfold to him the continuity of tradition.

Henry James, one of the most sensitive commentators on the American scene, fled from America in aesthetic disgust. He did not work in his native locale, but he was artist enough to raise the crude and rough aspects of American life to a magnitude of aesthetic importance. So this talk about "going American" and "working in locale," is a mawkish idealism which smacks of the axiom that, in trying to become something, one becomes nothing. Albert P. Ryder, another great American artist, lived most of his life, and painted most of his great pictures in his native environment but he was not ignorant of the tradition of painting. He garnered this from the European masters and adapted it to express the fugitive actualities of an imaginary life. And so, with every painter, if he understands the art of painting and does not confuse it with polished papier-maché pastiches, he will draw out of the American scene that facet in which his temperament and ideas fit best; be that facet a still life of California apples, a landscape of New York skyscrapers or an abstraction of the puritanic sacredness of woman.

Since the Industrial Revolution, the attitude toward art has changed considerably in this country. And that is owing to the wide contact we have had with the culture of the old world. If we are art conscious it is due to the American artist having had the wisdom and the talent to assimilate lessons from the European masters, and in the recent past from the

genius of French painters. These lessons have been an incentive and a source of strength to him, and, consequently, to the culture of America. Today the American scene is the most artistically fertile scene in the four continents. It warrants a future of immeasurable creative activity; and an art culture worthy of its growing greatness. The cultural seeds which Europe disseminated are now growing in the mind and spirit of America. When properly cultivated, they will be bound to meet American needs. In art and life it has always been thus. The culture of a decadent environment has often become the strength and inspiration of another more fertile. England, for instance, benefited extensively from the literature of Italy. The Italian novella which Boccaccio started, came to England in the period of Chaucer. The mood of the day attacked it as vicious and immoral, but English dramatists adapted it to plays. Classics such as Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* were taken from Italian stories which had become stereotyped in Italy while in England they became vigorous as art. And again, in Italy, the principles of music harmony had been developed and brought to first blooming in the works of Palestrina. They became building stones in music which Italian genius had still the strength to apply to larger music forms emancipated from poetry. But the first master works of instrumental music developed in Germany with Bach. The entire gamut of culture has been one of give and take between the nations. During the colonization of America, when its environment had no definite form or shape, a tradition based on the classical ideas of the ancients was considered more important than the uncertainties and confusion of the period. Nevertheless, architecture culminated in the colonial house. Even though its basic principles were classic Greek, the material resources and compelling needs of the environment brought forth an architecture rich in tradition and essentially American.

Today no true painter can discard the last thirty years of experimentation with French art in favor of the chauvinistic theories of the period without considering the deterrent effect it would have on the art of America. If he

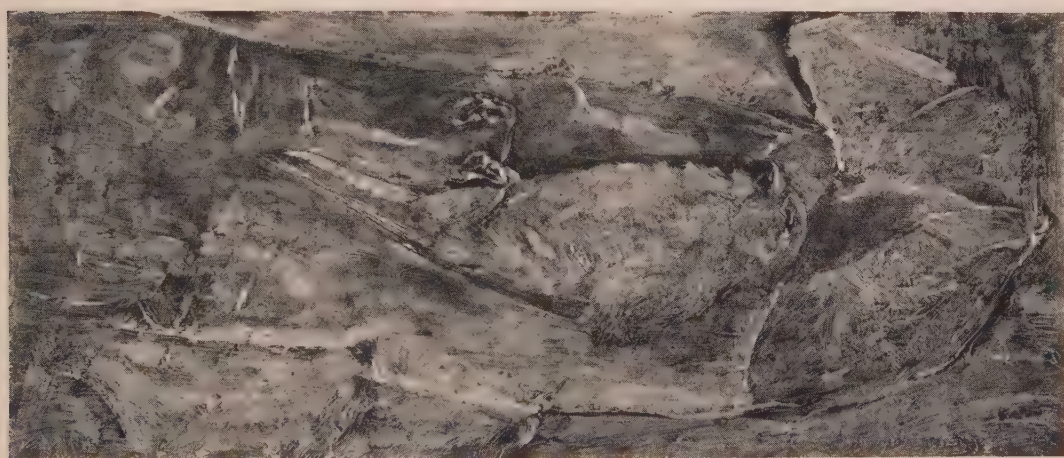


opposes and rejects the patriotic doctrines of the day, it is because he knows that the spirit which passes directly from the objective sense of one to the subjective sense of another, recognizes no boundaries. In the mechanics of art no tariff exists. The technical invention of one artist is transported duty free to the mental process of another, and thus transformed according to the temperament and needs of the latter's environment.

American art must be allowed to develop naturally, if it is going to be of significance in the life of America. And the makers of fashionable theories can contribute to this by subsiding before they actually make conspicuous asses of themselves. In this age of passive

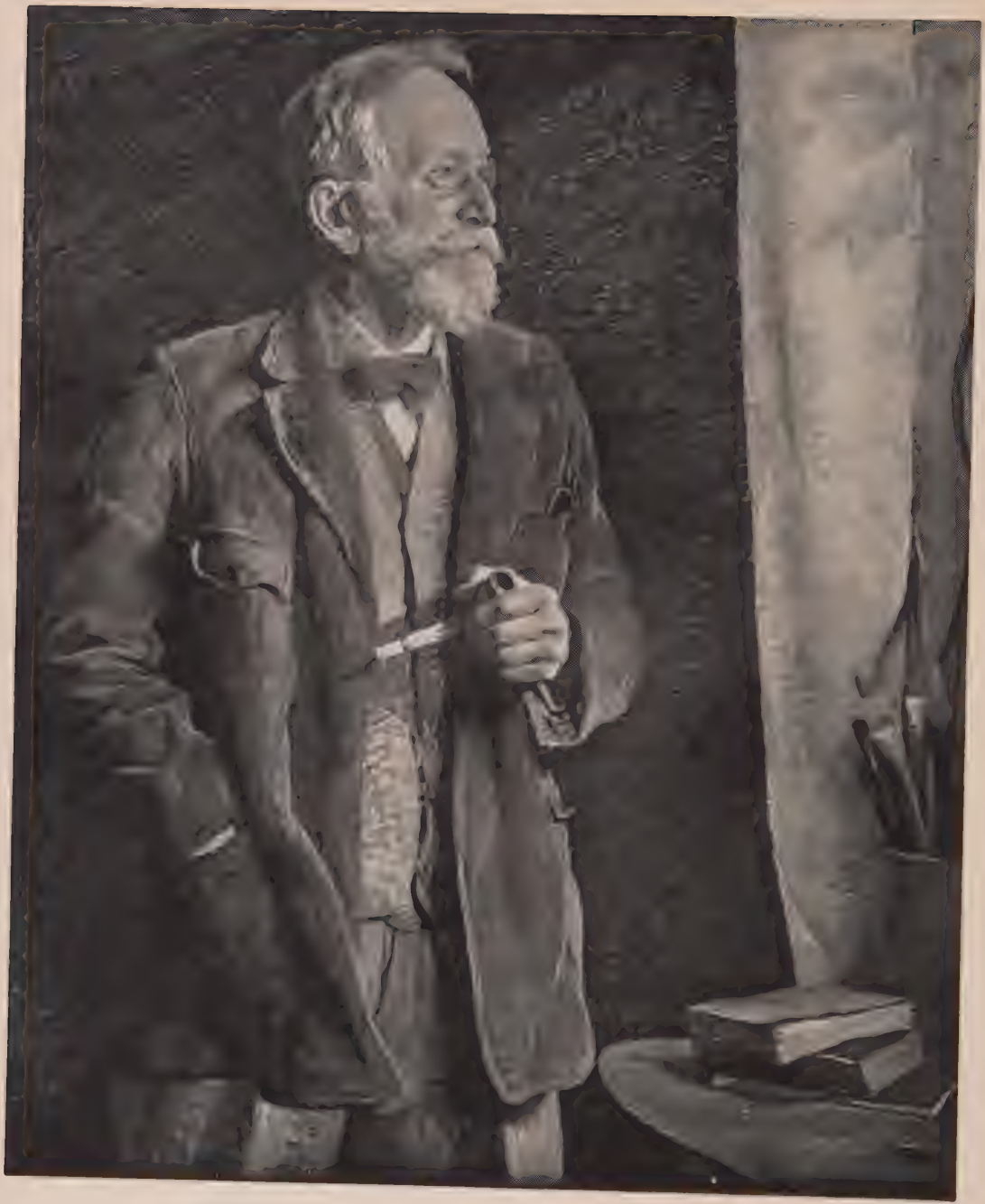
intolerance, the artist can afford to be intolerant, for within his creative temperament intolerance becomes a constructive factor. He alone can draw strength out of chaos.

Perhaps the perplexities of the contemporary American painter are not to be deplored, nor is he to be condemned for allowing the struggle between his puritan soul and pagan mind to take its natural course. Rather, we may be sure that because of this struggle American art will survive and grow. And further, it will survive and grow because the creative American painter has a way of outlasting the reformers, the cynics, and the charlatans, and will definitely cling to those elements of creative art which are permanent.



ALBERT P. RYDER: THE DEAD BIRD

Collection Phillips Memorial Gallery



DANIEL GARBER: LATHROP

All photographs used with this article  
were provided through the courtesy of the  
Corcoran Gallery of Art



HENRY  
VARNUM  
POOR:

THE  
PINK  
TABLE  
CLOTH



## THE RANGE OF THE CORCORAN BIENNIAL

BY FORBES WATSON

NATIONAL exhibitions are hard work. Such an exhibition as the Corcoran Biennial, now going on in Washington, D. C., requires an immense amount of detailed labor. The selection of the invited pictures, if made conscientiously, involves much traveling, many visits to the galleries of dealers and the artists' studios, countless hours of selecting and rejecting. That is only the beginning. Thereafter the jury goes through the ordeal of choosing the uninvited third, or quarter, of the exhibition, possibly a hundred and fifty pictures out of ten times as many uninvited offerings. This done there remain the involved and tactful problems of hanging the exhibition, selecting illustrations for the catalogue, editing, printing, correcting.

After the weeks, or months, of labor a tired museum director, a worn-out hanging committee, a sadder and wiser jury, hoping that virtue may turn out to be its own reward, await the onslaught of the doubting and viperous critics and of a public which, in return for all the labor done for its enlightenment, in-

variably picks the most hackneyed picture for the popular prize award. Disconsolate over the inexplicable behavior of his prize-awarding jury (the decisions of such juries can never be explained), wishing secretly that prizes had been abolished before he was born, the museum director, more in sorrow than in anger, contemplates forgivingly the lamentable reports of the dyspeptic reviewers.

"Haven't I done my best?" he asks himself. "Have I not tried to present a cross-section of American art? Have I not been fair to liberal and conservative alike, to radical and reactionary?"

At this point an exhibitor unapplauded by the critics attempts to console the director by explaining to him angrily that: "We have no critics; they are literary guys who know nothing about art."

The director smiles feebly. He has heard that one, and without listening to the usual stories that go with it, he continues to wonder why it is that so few critics appreciate and allow for the almost insuperable difficulties of

organizing a great national exhibition. Possibly an attempt to explain why critics and museum directors so often are at odds may throw some light upon the present exhibition in Washington. But first let us take a bird's eye view of the exhibit and establish its character as an entity.

Everything has been done to make this the most broad-minded and inclusive display that the Corcoran Gallery has ever hung upon its walls. Is anyone missing? We see Speicher and Kroll, DuBois and Hopper. Marsh and Brook and Tucker are here, Demuth and Stuart Davis, Karl Knaths, Julius Bloch and Emil Ganso, Julia Kelly and Nan Watson, Isabel Bishop and Dorothy Varian. Up to this point one might think it a kind of Kraushaar, Rehn, and Downtown Gallery show.

Not at all. Boston is here in the full regalia of its defiance toward change, with William Paxton and R. H. Ives Gammell living in some realm infinitely distant from the dream places of Stuart Davis. And there are painters from New York whom Mr. F. K. M. Rehn has forgotten and Mrs. Halpert never heard of—Irving Wiles, John Johansen, Helen Emmet Rand, Bruce Crane. From the fair countryside of New Hope have come

Daniel Garber, William Lathrop, and John Follinsbee. Kansas is here with John Steuart Curry at his best. And so on and so forth.

Is it a broad-minded show or not? Is it a cross section or not? The answers must be affirmative. But where are Peppino Mangravite and Franklin Watkins? Where are Varnum Poor and Harry Watrous? They are all here. Name your favorite painter. He's represented in the Corcoran Biennial of 1935. F. B. Cramer? Certainly. Anyone else? Edward Bruce? Harry Gottlieb? Yasuo Kuniyoshi? Jonas Lie? Childe Hassam? Andrew Winter? Rockwell Kent? Thomas Benton? Present.

On the surface it seems as if the problems of art critics and the problems of museum directors should have more resemblance since the larger aim of both is supposed to be a just valuation of art. Theoretically each is primarily interested in the same basic subject. Actually each is a cog in a machine. If his function as a cog and his interests in art do not click, he is either ground off or his interests are adapted to the needs of the rest of the machine. All depends, in maintaining the great interest, first on the quality of the cog and second on the quality of the machine.



STUART  
DAVIS:

LANDSCAPE  
WITH  
DRYING  
SAIL



JULIA KELLY:

THE  
OLD BARN



In the press, which for the sake of argument includes magazines devoted to so high-minded a subject as art, the editor determines whether he will grant his critics freedom of expression or attempt to shackle them. I have always been lucky with my editors. Neither Oswald Villard, Ralph Pulitzer, Herbert Swope, Audrey McMahon, nor F. A. Whiting, Jr., by hint or word, ever insinuated that this should be said and the other not. And naturally when I was my own editor for ten years I did not waste much time talking to myself. I believe it is generally true of editors that they bring no pressure whatever to bear upon the opinions of their critics. If they did they would only succeed in buying the services of dishonest hacks and in losing their readers.

On the other hand the museum director's interest in art is qualified by those benignant beings known as museum trustees. Generally speaking there is a profound difference between editors and museum trustees, the differ-

ence between the active man and the retired gentleman. There have, of course, been welcome changes in the past few years. The Museum of Modern Art in New York has comparatively young trustees actively interested in art. It can put on a good stirring, prejudiced show even as can the Whitney Museum of American Art and the Phillips Memorial Gallery which have no trustees.

But it is still fair to say that by and large museum trustees are considerably older than the modern university president. It is even fairer to say that wealth, rather than knowledge of the business in hand, is the determining factor in selecting them for their highly honorable positions. People do not consult Dunn and Bradstreet to discover editors, college presidents, nor, superfluous to add, art critics. But the fame of the wealth of a potential trustee must have spread far beyond the pages of a credit report before the flattering honor of a trusteeship, with the pleasant



NAN WATSON:

PORTRAIT OF  
MISS HENRI-  
ETTE HERZ



avocation which it supplies, is offered to him as a consolation for his declining years.

Can you count on the fingers of one hand or two the number of museum officials who, upon welcoming you to their exhibitions, have said that they were trying to show a "cross-section of American art"? The phrase is a sop to the inevitable ancient, rich, and influential trustee who if constantly pacified, will make the next big bequest. He still thinks that the modern art of twenty years ago is a Red menace against the tonalists who were the true loves of his youth. And those very feeble pictures, put in to complete the cross-section, are put there so that the old man will not retire in anger over the so-called modern works that continue to shock him. After all, without his bequest the museum won't get the new wing.

I am not going to be mean enough to point out the pictures here that, as it were, sneaked in under the false pretenses of the cross-section slogan. If the visitor will look for them he will find out why this exhibition, so conscientiously assembled and so superior to many shows of its kind, is not an unqualified success. If about fifty pictures were removed, which would not be there except for the cross-section superstition, the pulse of the whole show would jump upward.

This may sound a little too carping considering that there are in this Biennial plenty of paintings which will richly repay the population of Washington for more than one visit to the Corcoran. They will also repay visitors from afar. I for one should regret exceedingly if I missed this exhibition. Without having recourse to my notes, and just for the



fun of thinking of some of the pictures that stick in my memory, I shall mention a few that do so. There is Franklin C. Watkins' "Gabriel." The picture interests me for reasons that might be said to be personal. When I saw "Suicide in Costume" at the Carnegie exhibition I decided that Mr. Watkins of Philadelphia was just about the most affected painter that America, so naturally honest, had produced in a long time. Since then I have seen a good many of this artist's pictures. The quality of affectation seemed still to be apparent but now, if there, it does not bother me in the least. If Mr. Watkins is affected his painting manners are so personal that even if he affects them they are his. He puts across his curious imagination, witty and macabre, slashing and unified. Gabriel, a shirt-sleeved young man, blows his horn to his very heart's content with hat and sweater helter skelter on the table and an open book resting against a skull.

And at the other extreme of this cross-section is Mr. R. H. Ives Gammell's "The Dream of the Shulamite." The clichés are so

premeditated and unhidden that one positively gulps at the courage of it all. It is as if young Mr. Gammell who, incidentally, is hugely admired by the old masters of Boston's Tavern Club, had said to himself that he would prove to the world that the "grand" manner is better than the ashcan manner. If Ingres could make a great machine live and breathe he, Mr. Gammell, would go and do likewise. If Eakins admired Gérôme he was quite right. If the barrooms of the 'eighties thrilled with Bouguereau why shouldn't the barrooms of the 'thirties embrace Mr. Gammell? At any rate the interior decorator with a job to duplicate a barroom of the 'nineties should keep his eye on Mr. Gammell.

And then there is the painting by Mr. Harry Watrous called "Marie de Bourgogne." Mr. Watrous is not young in the exhibition field. Lo and behold he chooses this year to win a prize at Philadelphia. He has doubtless won many prizes in the last fifty or sixty years. And he has painted the most amazing pictures. One painter, as far removed from Mr. Watrous in aesthetic viewpoint as the North



FRANKLIN  
C. WATKINS:  
GABRIEL



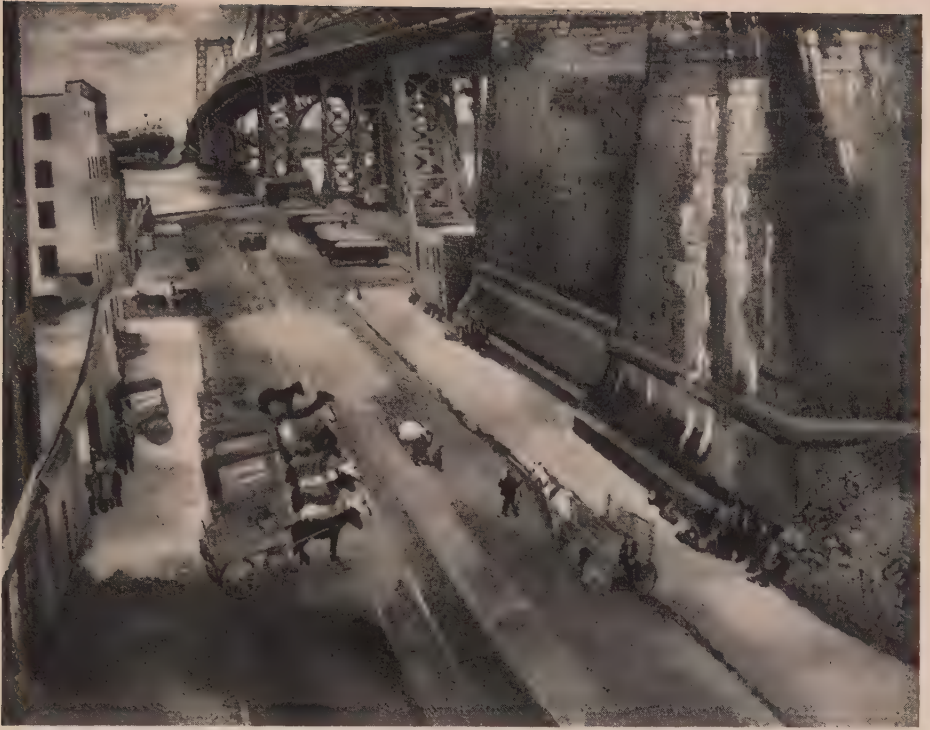
FREDERICK C. FRIESEKE:  
GIRL AT PIANO

Awarded Second W. A. Clark  
Prize and Corcoran Silver  
Medal



HARRY W. WATROUS:  
MARIE DE BOURGOGNE





RAPHAEL SOYER:  
UNDER THE BRIDGE



JULIUS BLOCH:  
THE STRIKER

Pole from the South, has announced that Mr. Watrous, come another generation, will be recognized as our bravest painter. He has always indubitably been himself. To be sure the same painter said that Royal Cortissoz was by far our bravest critic, that to espouse the beguiling was a much more courageous act than to rediscover Brancusi, Marin, and O'Keeffe when it was already too late. But I must not forget to record the fact that when Mr. Watrous sits himself down before a work of art and portrays its polychromed forms on canvas he seems to gain, or borrow, some distinction that when painting girls and cocktail glasses he loses. I don't know whether the painters and critics are going sentimental but they talk much of Mr. Watrous.

Personally I am glad of it. There has been too much done for the rising stars and too little for the men who do not please the vogueish. For example Mr. William Lathrop. He is a sensitive, a fine and valid painter but almost any little art student with a flare for walls broken at the end can win more notice from our too smart critics. And this reminds me that Mr. Daniel Garber has given the best portrait to the exhibition which has for subject no one else than William Lathrop.

"The Pink Tablecloth" by Varnum Poor is both sophisticated, which Mr. Poor is sometimes too much, and distinguished. Raphael Soyer, Peppino Mangravite, Julia Kelly, Frank London, are also a few of the painters who do not seem to model their painting on the latest critical vogues.

Referring once more to the exhibition of the Public Works of Art Project which occupied these galleries last spring, a number of painters who worked for government wages and were glad of the opportunity, are represented. Henry Mattson, for example, not only shows two characteristically original and imaginative canvases—neither quite as clarified in idea as this artist at his best—but one of these paintings, "The Beacon," has won for him the third W. A. Clarke prize of \$1,000 and the Corcoran bronze medal.

Nicolai Cikovsky, another PWAP artist, contributes a fresh and sensitive landscape and a rich and sonorous still life.

Among other artists who worked for their

Government last year and are now represented in the Biennial, may be mentioned Charles Rosen, Moses Soyer, Walter Ufer, Maynard Dixon, Victor Higgins, Clarence H. Carter, Harry Gottlieb, Robert Phillip, Randall Davey, Ross Moffett, Paul Rohland, Boyer Gonzales and Ivan LeLorraine Albright, one of whose paintings has the crisp title: "Wherefore Now Ariseth the Illusion of a Third Dimension."

Other PWAP artists with paintings here, are: Jerome Myers, M. A. Tricca, Dorothy Varian, Georgina Klitgaard, Arnold Wiltz, Charles Sheeler, Julius Bloch, Ward Lockwood, Herman Maril, Francis Criss and Helen Dixon, both of whose landscapes are attractive evidence of the fact that Miss Dixon's sense of design, and observation of the countryside, are very far from commonplace.

It cannot be repeated too often that the prize awarding system is a thoroughly unfair anachronism which should be superseded by a system of museum purchasing devoid of the injustice and pretensions of the prize system. This granted, it can be said that the jury awarding the prizes at the Corcoran made unusually felicitous selections. Before referring to them specifically, I want to put in a word about a new movement being initiated by some of the artists to abolish the prize system. It is definitely up to the artists and when a large enough group of them takes the dignified stand that the artist should take, prizes will be abolished and replaced by purchase funds.

Through all the aesthetic wars of the past twenty years, Mr. F. C. Frieske has pursued the even tenor of his ways, developing his own painting without regard to how much furore it makes in the eyes of an ever fickle public. There has been a quiet, sound development in Mr. Frieske's painting which, year by year, has become more simple, more solid, more subtle and less sweet, so that it was a pleasure, if prizes are to be given, that the second W. A. Clark prize of \$1,500 went to this artist.

The fourth W. A. Clark prize of \$500 was awarded to Kenneth M. Adams for his New Mexico landscape, while to Eugene Speicher for his painting entitled "Red' Moore" went



FRANK LONDON:  
MOSES



the first W. A. Clark prize of \$2,000. It is now seen in the clear daylight of the Corcoran galleries, and in a more suitable frame than the painting had when it was shown at the Whitney Museum of American Art. The observer who is not completely addicted to fads and who cares about the art of painting, cannot fail to recognize the dignity and the impressive ability of Mr. Speicher's performance.

Other paintings which add to the range and the pleasure of this exhibition include "The Soda Fountain" by William J. Glackens, a painting which requires the daylight that it now has before it will disclose the distinguished beauty of its glorious color. Ernest Fiene, Robert Walker, Andrew Winter, Charles Hopkinson, in his portrait of "Horatio Sates Lloyd, Esq.," Edward Hooper, Andrew Dasburg, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Harry

Gottlieb ("Clay Pits"), Alexander Brook, Julius Bloch, Herman More, Harold Weston, C. K. Chatterton, Charles Demuth, Stuart Davis, Lucile Blanch, Konrad Cramer, Jean Paul Slusser, David McCosh, Fiske Boyd, Abraham Walkowitz, Bradley Walker Tomlin, Henry Lee McFee, Isabel Bishop, Anne Goldthwaite, Karl Free, Arnold Blanch, Stefan Hirsch, Florence Ballin Cramer, Richard Lahey, Earl Horter, Edward Bruce, Bernard Karfiol, Niles Spencer, Max Kuehne, Jozef G. Bakos, Allen Tucker, Stephen Etner, Nan Watson, Paul Rohland, Randall Davey, Salvatore Pinto, George Picken, Waldo Peirce and Dorothy Varian are among the painters who would make valid the idea of "showing a cross section of American art" (since they are all very individual and very different), if in the carrying out of the idea they did not have to put up with some pretty tame neighbors.



THE MEETING OF HUMAY AND HUMAYUN

*Persian Painting on Chinese Silk 1425; perhaps by Ghiyath ad Din. In the collection of Mme. la Comtesse Behague.*

In the words of Arthur Upham Pope "For more than two thousand years there was a constant and profitable interchange between Persian and Chinese Art." This Persian painting is attributed to Ghiyath ad Din, who is thought to have executed it in China while on his mission to report upon and purchase Chinese paintings. Note the charming blend of the Ming technic for painting in bright colors on silk with the Persian subject, composition, costumes and flowers.

## PERSONALITY IN ART: III

Reflections on Its Suppression and the Need for Its Fulfillment

BY DUNCAN PHILLIPS

THEORETICAL abstraction is never wholly artificial and localized realism is never altogether superficial, if thereby a sensitive and creative individual has found and fulfilled himself. Partisan critics make their own attitude the measure of all art. They take some one procedure as the criterion and they condemn all deviations from it as departures from art's function. Thus they miss the point and lose sight of the purpose of the artist, which is nothing less than the fusion in one experience of form and substance. Whatever form the substance requires must follow it to fulfillment with inexorable logic. As there could be no one substance to repre-

sent the infinite variety of human interactions with environment, it is clear that no one form is better than another save for the particular substance to which it is the proper equivalent. Reviewers for the press are signposts to show us the way to this or that occurrence in art which we must see for ourselves. They exceed their authority when they try to convince the traveler that pilgrimage to one point of interest precludes a journey of the mind to a place with a different kind of appeal which extends its view in the opposite direction.

On one lookout, at the summit of it, the plastic theme for the artist is isolated in grandeur, while at a lower level it is expanded into



an arabesque. There is no need for nature even as a background. A flat tone will do as a foil. The classic example of this isolation of form was the Greek vase with its sharply defined silhouettes. The bewitching accidents of nature, the diffused spread of interest in its effects, and the references to individual memories or associations in the artist's past—all are ruled out as if they had never been, when the mind is the measure of all things. And the mind can be very heavy with doctrine or very foolish from lack of inspiration. Pursued to the limit, the aesthetic view from a theoretical lookout leads, metaphorically speaking, either to the engine room with its dynamo, to the laboratory with its test tubes and symbols for the unknown quantities of research, to the showrooms of the decorators and their smartly effective plans, or to the secretive and obscure enclosures of various cults which exult in their inhumanity. At the opposite end of doctrine in art one sees quite plainly Middletown or Provincetown. We miss nothing, and yet we feel nothing from any angle at this point. It shows up ordinary experience and trite subject-matter in all the stereotype of habit, the con-

fusion of detail, and the drift of irrelevance. At both of the extremes I have indicated, the aesthetic experience as Dewey conceives it is not to be found. And yet it is to both these extremes that our group-mindedness seems bent upon going. It is safe to say that art is never at the end limits of any point of view. And art belongs essentially to individuals. Even a communal life is only the dull consciousness of the herd unless the community is made up of free and outgoing individuals with richly differentiated sensibilities and reactions to their environment.

There have always been good and bad abstractions, just as there have always been good and bad narratives in painting. Craven would say that the only good abstractions have been those with a profound communal meaning comprehensible to all men in their day, and with a social or at least an architectonic function to justify every line and mass. In his opinion the bad ones would be those which mean nothing to the Philistine and which only suggest function in design, without possessing the least utility. At best these patterns are said to be "just decorations." To this we

MATISSE:

#### YELLOW CURTAIN

Matisse has drawn from many remote sources. At times he has revealed quite clearly his derivation from Japanese prints and from Persian paintings and textiles. In the *Yellow Curtain* these two influences have been blended so that in the solution both are invisible. And the blend is infused with more of Matisse himself than if he had gone to nature for his inspiration.



answer that the symbols of meaning in the abstractions of Buddhist art or in Coptic, Gothic, Saracen, Mayan, and Negro patterns for textiles, parchments, pottery, stone and wood are incomprehensible to us now, unless we call in the assistance of archaeologists and special students. For most of us they are "just decoration," and that is quite splendid enough. What makes ancient abstractions live on, in spite of the soon-neglected references to details of social and religious significance, is the ageless and deathless personality of the unknown artists and the degree of their responses to communal or individual inspiration. Once the function and the meaning are gone, these ancient works are on a par with such modern abstractions as are transparent to distinguished personality.

It is not fair to condemn all modern abstractions because of the faked mechanisms, the vapid mystifications, the pseudo-infantile futilities, and the tedious cerebrations perpetrated within recent years on a public more ready to be entertained than nourished by art. It is no more fair than it would be to rule out all story-telling pictures, including those of Giotto, Masaccio, Michel Angelo, Tintoretto, Rembrandt, and Daumier, because of the insipid anecdotes of the Salons and academies throughout the period of the possessive plutocrat, the popular referendum, and the photographic influence on painting (to balance the imitation of painting by photography).

Let us be thankful that, unlike the Byzantine tradition, the Cubist school of speculative theory and technical experiment has no widespread and profound social base, that it is the oracular voice of no real religion. The artist was born to be an experimenter, and in an experimental age he is in his element, thoroughly invigorated by a congenial and stimulating atmosphere. But a technological social order is not as all-pervasive an atmosphere as a religious one. The icons of Byzantium are made even to this day, but in the most perfunctory repetitions of the old convention. It is a sad decay of a once great art. What it shows, however, is the persistence of a religious tradition which rose to great heights only in the mosaics of the sixth and twelfth centuries in Ravenna and Sicily. If, in the

wake of a world revolution, a communist dogma for decoration should spread the gospel according to Lenin in conventions started by Rivera, then there would be real danger of a prolonged autocratic control of art, making the artist serve the state in the role of either instructor or entertainer of the people, with as few variations between the national and racial idioms as there have been during the many centuries of the Byzantine. The danger of a paralysis of invention and a blight on personal expression from a proletarian or totalitarian dictatorship is a far more alarming prospect for art than the danger that the authority exercised today by the cosmopolitan critics of world capitals over their personal following of dilettantes should be handed down dynastically through a long succession of aesthetic fads and fashions.

It is not fair to say that the School of Paris enjoyed its day only because some clever sophisticates of the picture trade and the press were excellent impresarios. Let us consider for a moment the international character of that School, its cultured eclecticism, its attractively presented erudition.

Eclectic international culture is the antithesis of regional self-sufficiency and self-satisfaction. Instead of a prejudice against the fastidious choice of over-refined material, and a hearty acceptance of whatever the local scene provides, the aesthetes who draw their inspiration from remote sources, but reduce it to a process of adaptation and synthesis, cultivate a positive prejudice against making art from life. They make art from other arts, and they are proud of it. Denial of the rather obvious fact that our roots are in race and in definite regions of the earth, delivers these aesthetes into the cruel hands of the Cravens and their public. It is surprising, however, that John Dewey, who is a liberal sociologist and a humanitarian, does not so much as comment on the constriction of self inevitable in uncompromising allegiance to art for art's sake. Matisse is the only living artist mentioned frequently in Dewey's *Art as Experience*, and he is praised for his leadership in the distillation of the essences of distant cultures. Aesthetic essences from the Orient and the South Seas have entered modern art and enriched



its flavors. The products most characteristic of the early twentieth century, namely, these drawings and paintings of Matisse which Dewey admires, have been marked by the obvious influence of Greco-Egyptian, Byzantine, Gothic, Persian, Hindu, Chinese and Japanese, Polynesian, Negro, and European peasant art, not to mention the drawings and colorings of little children. What Matisse learned for his own ends from world travel and the exotic treasures of the museums encouraged Picasso, Derain, Vlaminck, Modigliani, and many others including our own Davies, Sterne, and Weber to deliberate forays in search of aesthetic materials for their own self-expressive inventions. The desire for novelty is never a strong enough desire to explain a movement in art. The twentieth century's quest of treasure in the Orient represents "the moving force of a passion to participate in the experiences of which exotic objects are the expression." After all the pattern-making instinct, with its equivalent in sound of the beating of time with tomtoms, goes back to the beginning of the race when savages painted and tattooed their bodies. It is as elemental as the instinct to tell stories and to imitate appearances. This creative instinct is aroused in modern artists when they are excited by the evidences of what men of their own kind have done with raw materials of pattern in all ages and in every part of the world. The treasure-hunt for raw materials out of which new aesthetic experiences can be made is as legitimate in the museum as on Main Street. Craven's favorite artist is Renoir, that joyous pagan unaffectedly in love with life. And yet it was Renoir who remarked that it was not before nature but in the Louvre that he discovered how much he wanted to be a painter. In the museum he learned ways and means of extending not merely his technical knowledge and skill but his experience of life.

Decorative patterns, permeated with the past and present of the artists, can be wish-fulfillments and the consummation of very genuine and intensely personal contacts with life and nature. This is even more true of symphonic than of architectonic abstractions, of Augustus Vincent Tack and his Far Eastern

tradition than of the Cubists. The participation of the intelligent artist in alien cultures cannot fail to broaden and deepen him, and as it passes through the alembic of his mind and merges with himself it helps to make the whole world kin. We are bound to be affected by environment, and to use what we want and need out of it. If an artist is most thrillingly alive, not in the search of the timely and topical subject near his studio but in a certain room at the museum—that is a sign that his personality is finding its own way, growing to maturity, and going on to fulfillment through self-knowledge and self-culture. Eclecticism is at least as promising a field as regionalism. Both undeniably have their narrowing limits. From neither do we expect the greatest art. But even if the product is not great, there is a great hope for human progress in a receptivity of mind, a sympathetic search for participation in alien experience. Elie Faure delights in "the miracle of our time which permits an increasing number of fine spirits to become capable not only of savoring Greek, Chinese, and Negro idols but of grasping the inner accords that lead us back to man and show him everywhere animated by analogous passions. Such an attitude today as would limit one's effort to the historical ideal of race or nation would be no sign of force but of sterility. Today the critical spirit has become a universal poet, and it is increasingly necessary to enlarge the circle of its horizon. Through the arts, all the races have staked out their spiritual progress. Nationalists who would confine our artists to their own backyards are incapable of giving to their nation anything of lasting worth." America has had its long line of eclectics. La Farge was an American Delacroix. Davies was another of the great civilizers. Today the Anglo-Saxon mind is crossed with that of Europe and all its races. The Oriental Semitic from Russia has made an exceptionally good record in art since his transplantation to our shores. As yet there is a lack of American mentality in the culture and erudition of such complex citizens of the world as Maurice Sterne. However, although he is no more American than Matisse, what he brings to us signifies tremendously. The eclectic always signifies when it is added

to other racial traditions. We can use our eclectics along with our primitives, our Puritans, our mystics, our naturalists, our impressionists, and our dramatic illustrators.

What our artists lack in this century of ours is really inspiration. We may prefer to call it by some other name. Certainly what I mean implies an inner necessity for creation, a spiritual compulsion of some sort. But the word inspiration also contains the suggestion of a spontaneous fulfillment of all one's powers at their truest and highest levels. It is difficult for an artist to achieve this motive force and freshness if his material is trite or borrowed. And yet those who think that banality is the enemy of inspiration are always straining to be original with the help of new subjects or new forms, even if they have to borrow their ideas from sources so remote that they are not easily recognized. Often they are given credit for inventions, when they should be praised for ingenious adaptations. It is sad but true that

the eclectic, which has always been regarded as incompatible with the spontaneous, is now one of the only means by which, in our sophisticated age, new ideas come to the aid of the uninspired artist and give him at least a measure of technical inspiration. The School of Paris gained its prestige by practicing with deft and often delightful results what appeared to be inspired improvisation. The form was too obvious and the substance did not go very deep. Even Max Weber, one of the pioneers of European modernism in America, recognized how destitute of personal, and especially of spiritual, content such technical virtuosity is apt to be. "The hunger of the human spirit," he said, "cannot be put off with the means of art only. Means and only means mean nothing." The revolt against the enthronement of method was inevitable. Even the brilliant technicians of our period look with envy upon the simple charms of pictures by folk painters, true "primitives," and children.

The international preoccupation with method at the expense of substance has created in America a violent reaction in subjects almost bereft of style and in illustration almost indifferent to intrinsic qualities of technic and even of personal expression. When the pendulum has ceased to swing from one extreme to the other, then the painters will renew their faith in art as something which transcends the two poles of the non-aesthetic—system without style or self, and the miscellany of facts. Art is nothing of much consequence if there is no evidence in it that the artist is moved to emotional and induplicable expression by one phase or another of life's varied relations. For all of the qualities of consciousness, the painter can make his own equivalents in form and color. There will be joy in the making if there is really art in the man.

Then a painter of the type of Pierre Bonnard or his friend Vuillard, or it might be Chardin or Corot, or our American poet-painters Twachtman, Ryder, and Weir: when an artist of this sensitive and reflective type loves his subject and his brushes and his colors and his canvas, then his poetry becomes painting and his painting poetry. We call him an intimist because we know that his every touch



SICKERT: ENNUI

Sickert's subjects are apt to be suggestive of stories. This one in the Tate Gallery is no exception. But what moves us most in this picture is a pleasure of the eye which has nothing to do with the story and the title. Description of the subject of a picture too often leaves out the substance. The real meaning is indefinable except in terms of the visual impression.





CHARDIN: BOWL OF PLUMS

Chardin's personality is conveyed in what we call "paint quality," the indefinable visual joy of a distinguished painted surface made identical with a distinguished personal vision. Spiritual essence is revealed in material substance. A painter has spoken as only a painter can speak.

reveals him. His personality finds its consummation in what we call "paint quality," the indefinable visual joy of a distinguished painted surface made identical with a distinguished personal vision. It is more than autographic, this texture. It reveals spiritual essence in material substance. And it is pleasurable for its own sake, without need of words to interpret it. In fact it is far beyond the power of words to convey. We can only say that a painter has spoken as only a painter can speak. His relations of line to line, of color to color, of accent to tone, of stress to interval are unique, like the sound rhythms and their evocations of a writer whose meaning and power of suggestion can only come from words new-minted from the inner life. In a charming essay by Virginia Woolf, entitled *A Conversation about Art*, the author tells of a dinner party where the talk failed when

the spell of good painting, of "quality" on a painted surface, came to be analysed. Analysis was impossible. Her friends had been to an exhibition of Walter Sickert, a British intimist and colorist whose touch is at once evocative and elusive. "When I first went in to Sickert's show," said one of the diners, "I became all eye, completely and solely an insect. I flew from color to color. . . . Colors that are no color in particular went spiralling through me." It was good talk, but an exaggeration. "Nobody . . . can simplify sufficiently to see color only. . . . It is many ages now since we were insects. Ages ago we left the forest and went into the world." Sickert's show proved to the literary guests of Mrs. Woolf the truth about painting. One of them thought the painter was a biographer, another liked him as a story teller, and yet another as a poet. All of them thought they could write novels about

the people his brush had brought together. The subjects were suggestive of stories. The substance however was unique and indefinable and exquisite. "It seems," said someone at that table, and it might have been Mrs. Woolf, "it seems that we have come to the edge where painting breaks off and takes its way into the wordless land. . . . We have come close to it many times while we were talking—when we said that Rose's red petticoat satisfied us; when we said that the bulk of the chest of drawers [in the picture of the old publican] convinced us that all was well with the world as a whole, though the publican was doomed. Why did the red petticoat, the yellow chest of drawers, make us feel something that had nothing whatever to do with our story? We could not say. . . . Description of a picture leaves out the meaning. But what sort of meaning is that which cannot be expressed in words? Let us ask the painters. . . . But the painters were still talking with their fingers. They were still bristling and shivering like dogs in dark lanes when something passes that we cannot see. . . . They have gone much further into the forest than we shall ever go, said one of the talkers sadly. We only catch a glimpse now and then of what lives there; we try to describe it and we cannot . . . and so we turn back to the sunny margin where the arts flirt and joke and pay each other compliments." I have seldom read a better passage on the inexpressible in good painting.

Critics who feel the beauty of a work of art intensely have been ridiculed by the Cravens and their public because they have been moved to use extravagant language for their special feelings. Clive Bell in his first book was proud of having had "spasms of ecstasy" or something equally absurd, about old mosaics and Peruvian pots. I suppose that it is wise to confine one's aesthetic ecstasies to silent sessions of intense contemplative enjoyment. Yet we are deserving of sympathy, we the critics who cannot convey to others through

creative objectification the joys we feel in the visible world, whether the environment is that of nature or of art. And what a tragedy it would be if what the painters do with their tools—the substance of themselves which comes to life as they paint—should become so proof against personality and its magic, so devoid of what we call "quality," so identifiable with mere technical methods or with socialized pictorial reports that it should cease to become an art for the delight and the despair of writers as exquisitely attuned to beauty as Virginia Woolf.

In conclusion, then, a work of art must be of personality all compact, else it is only a task which demands alertness of an almost mechanical kind. In that case, it is of no great consequence and not even satisfactory as entertainment. When the sanctity of human life has become the hot spot of our consciences so that we positively will not tolerate war nor suffer nationalism and the calculated commercial greed which exploits humanity and its passions, and when we have come really to respect personality and profoundly to marvel at its infinite variety and its unique revelations so that we will not submit to a collectivism which plans to level men and to standardize their products—then and only then shall we be on our way to a civilized society of citizen states and to an age of communal vision and of faith worthy to be a collective inspiration for the artists. A social order can only be distinguished if it is made up of unique and distinguished individuals. There is no dearth of these in any age. The only danger is that they will be martyred or merely mobilized according to the prevailing preference of the dictatorship. Since individualism as an economic phase is almost certainly due for eclipse, and since collective social planning is already under way, it is the high mission of art today to see to it that personality is not suppressed. Art must be the last stand, as it may be the eternal stronghold, of the individual.



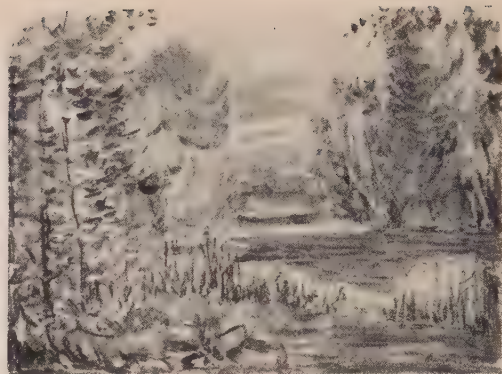


#### MAX WEBER: TALMUDISTS

Max Weber, an eclectic experimenter with modernist idioms, has been moulded by Byzantine art, by El Greco and by Cézanne. His most personal work fuses these formative influences in a unique expression of his race and of his religion. Here we find him interpreting the meaning of the Talmud for the pious, orthodox Jew.



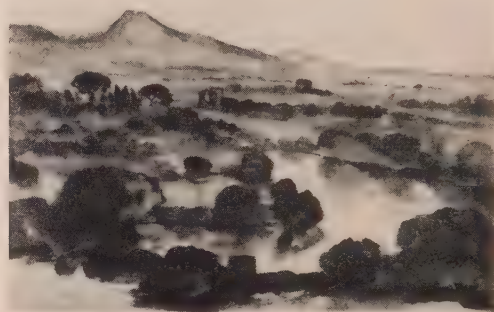
LANDSCAPE (ON SILK) CHINESE  
Fifteenth Century



RENOIR: LANDSCAPE (Water Color)  
Collection Albertina, Vienna



MATISSE: CARNIVAL AT NICE (Oil)  
c. 1925. Private Collection



CLAUDE LORRAIN (1600-1682): TIBER  
ABOVE ROME. Drawn with Brush in Bistre Col-  
lection, British Museum, London



JOHN MARIN:  
STORM OVER  
TAOS (Water  
Color) 1930. Col-  
lection Stieglitz

ALTDORFER  
(c. 1480-1538):  
LANDSCAPE  
(Water Color)  
Collection  
Albertina, Vienna



DELACROIX: VALLEY OF THE SEINE (Water  
Color; c. 1845). Private Collection, Paris



# FORMS OF ART: II

## PHASES OF NATURALISM

By E. M. BENSON

"There are no sharp dividing lines in art, and artists separated by centuries and continents will enjoy the same experiences and hit upon the same truths, in some cases by intuition, in others by a complicated process of reasoning." JACOB EPSTEIN

IN THE preceding article I pointed out that classifications, unless they direct us to the human and structural essence of the things they classify, can only lead us up a blind alley. For it is not a date, a name, a movement, or a technique that can tell us very much about the spirit of any art, but the actual forms in which this spirit is conceived. And if we are to understand them, it is on these forms that our attention must be focused.

Naturally, there are as many forms of art as there are sources in life to nourish them. During some periods certain forms are more dominant than others. (Every age has its "ways of seeing," and these are very largely conditioned by cultural, racial, environmental, and other factors.) Whether or not they are called into use, certain basic forms always exist wherever organized human life exists.

It is well to keep in mind that there is no such thing as a pure form of art. Every form is inevitably compounded of many elements. The reason, however, that we recognize them as forms of art is because they have a dominant character or quality that is more emphatic than any other. Alloys though they are, they offer the only direct clue to the psychological and plastic content of works of art. They may not reveal the whole truth, but they reveal as much of it as we will ever know.

In the preceding article I examined several primitive forms of art that recur throughout the history of art. In this article I shall do the same with those forms of art that are dominantly naturalistic in character—that take their basic inspirational departure from an interest in the physical aspect of nature. The discussion will be limited to four closely related phases of naturalism that bear a logical relation to each other.

The so-called "impressionistic" approach to nature existed long before the term gained common currency during the last century. There were artists who made use of the principles of impressionism centuries before its scientific implications were understood and developed. Important as these implications have been for the expansion of painting methods in the western world, I think it can be justly said that the impressionistic way of observing natural phenomena is far more fundamental than its scientific application.

The most elementary form of impressionism is that in which no one aspect of nature seems more important than any other, as in the fifteenth-century Chinese landscape painting on silk. While impressionism as a science was totally unknown to the artist who painted this picture, the principle was intuitively applied. To him it was not only a way of seeing but a way of living. That is why this painting communicates a serene reflective experience with nature which most of the work of the nineteenth-century French impressionists lacks. It was the momentary aspect of nature that the latter were after, not the perennial. Chinese impressionism was subjective; French impressionism a new kind of objectification of the subject—nature intensified through the segmentation of color.

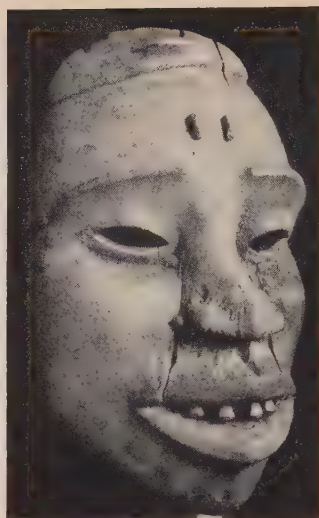
The Renoir water color is a much less naked impressionistic statement than the Chinese painting, and far more structurally conceived. It is nature being absorbed by man, not man by nature. The Altdorfer and Lorrain water colors indicate a less surgical attitude toward nature than the Renoir.

It is not difficult to understand why Cézanne, Constable, Corot, and Delacroix held Claude Lorrain's wash drawings in such high esteem. It was not the small atmospheric



(Left)  
BRUEGEL THE ELDER  
(1520-1569): OLD  
PEASANT WOMAN  
(Oil) Collection Old  
Pinakothek, Munich

(Right) EKOI MASK  
(Wood), Great River  
West Africa. Col-  
lection Völkerkunde  
Museum, Berlin



detail he was after, but the generalized detail. And he set this down with an intuitive understanding that is rare in the history of art. In his hands impressionism took on a solid structural character.

Delacroix, the man of culture, the intellectual, was able to appreciate what Lorrain, the unlettered man of feeling, had said so magnificently in his water colors; but he himself failed to do as well, though he made several splendid attempts. In his effort to capture what he called the "localities," he lost sight of the larger forces at work within the frame of his picture. It was as a colorist that he made his most important contribution to the science of impressionism.

The Matisse "Carnival at Nice" is a transitional step in the development of impressionism from a bare calligraphic statement that is

dictated by intuition, to a structural notation that has passed between the millstones of the intellect. Not until we reach John Marin do we find impressionism carried to its logical conclusion and apotheosis. His "Storm over Taos" has all the directness, fluidity, and accuracy of touch of the Chinese landscape painting, or the Lorrain, but these elements have now been re-distilled into values that strike deeper plastic and human cords; not merely suspended in an atmospheric emulsion, but clarified and richly related. Perhaps this couldn't have been done quite so masterfully if there hadn't been a Cézanne to point the way; but there had also to be a Marin to do it.

It is erroneous to assume, because an artist's approach to subject-matter happens to be impressionistic during one period of his work, that he need necessarily continue to limit him-



(Right) WOODEN TOAD  
Northwest American  
Indian. Found in grave  
in Upper Fraser  
River, Brit. Columbia



(Left)  
DEER, PERSIAN  
DRAWING. Seven-  
teenth Century  
Collection Metro-  
politan Museum



self to it. Nature has many aspects, and calls forth an equal number of reactions on the part of the artist. Nor is one form of art necessarily more aesthetically valid or profound than another. The validity of any form must ultimately depend on its execution, and should be judged solely on this basis.

It is important to make this clear in order to undeceive those who believe that an art form that is too concretely naturalistic is less artistic than another in which the objects float in a lyrical mist. This point of view is held by many who feel that art is an "escape" and

its severity. It is this fact, perhaps, more than any other that keeps these objects from becoming grotesque or macabre.

This is similarly true of the Willendorf "Venus"—perhaps the most ancient human form in sculpture—and the American Indian "Toad." Their sculptural effectiveness is attained by means of the firm contour or silhouette in which they are enclosed. It is this that both carries us away from the specific surface delineation of the figures, and further toward them.

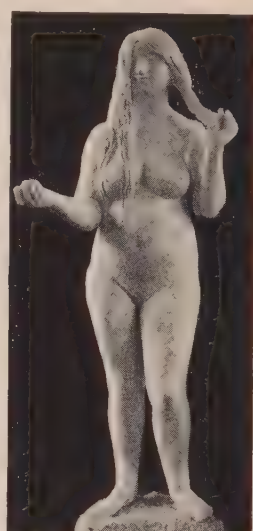
The Epstein portrait, the "Thuringian



VENUS OF WILLENDORF  
Prehistoric limestone statuette,  
C. 25,000 B.C.



JACOB EPSTEIN: LYDIA  
(Bronze) 1930  
Collection the Artist



G. MARCKS: THURINGIAN VENUS (Plaster)  
1930. Courtesy the Artist

should waft us away on a magic carpet. We shall presently see, in examining our next phase of naturalism, that it is not the concreteness—or lack of it—which is significant, but how creatively it is used by the artist.

For our second phase of naturalism we have chosen objects that are creatively patterned more closely on the physical aspects of nature. No two of these objects can be said to be exactly alike in character, but only analogous.

Both the Ekoi Mask and the Bruegel have a directness that is dramatically powerful. Despite the exactness of their reference to nature, the details are enclosed in a subtle envelope of pattern that is almost classical in

"Venus" by the German sculptor Gerhardt Marcks, and the Persian miniature, bridge the transition from this middle phase of naturalism to one that is even more factualistic: a form of art in which naturalistic details become the creative *raison d'être*. It is a form of hyper-concrete seeing that reappears throughout the history of art. Our ability to understand and appreciate this phase of naturalism is mainly the result of the visual education we have received through the camera, the film, and other forms of concrete seeing.

Factualism has an ancient lineage. The tradition of miniature painting that helped to produce a Jan Van Eyck, also produced a

Holbein, a Bronzino, a Mantegna, and countless others throughout the occident and the orient. When you recall that the Van Eyck which we reproduce is only five by five-and-three-quarter inches, you will appreciate how factual this painter's vision was. His job, as he probably understood it, was to set down a condensed pictorial chronicle of what he saw not only with his eyes but also with his imagination. For you must remember that he never painted from nature but *after* nature.

Crivelli, who came on the scene a little less than a century later, carried factualism several steps further. He made it both more illusionistic and more plastic, almost sculptural. (The Assyrian bas-relief and the Belling bronze portrait are excellent examples of factualism in sculpture carried to its furthest non-illusionistic possibility. The female attendant's earrings and the bearded gentleman's eyeglasses are almost the real thing, but—as in most cases of factualism—not quite.) In Crivelli we are on the border-line of the macabre without quite getting there. The plastic tears, the open, bleeding wound in Christ's side—if raised one pitch higher these elements would probably produce what is popularly known as Super-realism. Dali, the high-priest of Super-realism, is a direct descendant of Crivelli, as he is also of Grünewald, and a mixed paternity consisting of Boecklin, Bruegel, Van Gogh, and the authors of those alluring picture post cards that are sold in whispers at Parisian newstands. Crivelli's sense of pathos is converted by Dali, with the aid of Freud into paranoiac forms of sexual brutality.

Oluf Braren's factualism is almost purely linear, and has none of the painterly qualities of either Van Eyck or Crivelli. Braren's is a people's art saturated with the kind of Davidian neo-classicism that percolated down from Norway (which was then the playground of neo-classicism) to the little island in the North Sea where Braren spent his entire life, except for a few short excursions to the northern provinces of Germany. But the neo-classic was only the shell that covered the simple soul of a peasant. Braren's fondness for gay colors and factualistic decoration sprang from his own native environment. It was such painters as Braren, and his contem-

porary, the Hamburg painter, Philip Otto Runge, who were the progenitors of the factualistic art movement that broke into blossom in Germany about a decade ago and is known as New Objectivity.

The need to paint factually was not limited to Germany. France also has its factualists, among whom Pierre Roy ranks rather high. He stems from Van Eyck as much as he does from such miniaturists as the authors of the "Très Riches Heures," the brothers Limbourg. There are strong Super-realistic elements in Roy's paintings, but they are never dominant. He keeps his fancy within the borders of fact. Nor are his facts garnered from the world of fifteenth-century Flanders but from his own twentieth-century world of high-power electric terminals, scaffolding-poles, and disused castles set like doll houses in a rural landscape.

Then, of course, there is the great Atget, the pioneer whose camera gave us the most complete factualistic record of contemporary Paris. He photographed everything—at least everything that was worth photographing. It is men like Atget who call our attention to those things in life which we are constantly looking at but never really see. The Super-realists absorbed Atget as they did everyone else. But it is doubtful whether any of them has ever experienced the life of fact as freshly as Atget did. It is self-discovered fact that suckles fancy—not someone else's.

There is still another important phase of naturalism to be discussed which is more concerned with the psychological aspect of objects than their factual character, which reaches the internal through the external and provides us with a key to the state of mind of the creator as well as the thing created. Supernaturalism is as accurate a term as any other to define this form of art. It is in our own century that the greatest number of examples of supernaturalism can be found.

I think it is axiomatic that the more internal an art is, the less plastic and structural it will be. When the accent is placed on a state of mind, the attention of the artist is lured away from the form of the object toward its symbolic or psychological meaning. There are exceptions to this axiom, as there are to most





(Left)  
BELLING: PORTRAIT  
OF RICHARD HAERTEL  
(Polished Bronze). 1926.  
Courtesy the Artist

(Right) ASSYRIAN BAS-  
RELIEF, ROYAL AT-  
TENDANT (Alabaster),  
722-705 B.C. Courtesy Met-  
ropolitan Museum of Art



(Extreme Right)  
CRIVELLI:  
(C. 1430-1493)  
PIETA  
(Tempera on Wood)  
Courtesy Metropolitan  
Museum of Art



(Right)  
PIERRE ROY:  
ELECTRIFICA-  
TION OF THE  
COUNTRY,  
C. 1925. Courtesy  
Wadsworth  
Atheneum



JAN VAN EYCK (C. 1382-1440): ST. FRANCIS RECEIV-  
ING THE STIGMATA. (Oil.) Johnson Collection  
Pennsylvania Museum of Art



OLUF BRAREN (1787-1848): PLEASANT  
WITH CHILDREN (Water Color). In a  
Collection in Hamburg



ATGET:  
STORE FRONT,  
PHOTOGRAPH, 1914

Collection  
Berenice Abbot

others. Goya is one; El Greco, another. Van Gogh is only a partial exception.

In almost every one of the examples which we have chosen to illustrate this phase of naturalism, the artist's feeling toward his subject is fairly transparent. It seems likely that there was no love lost between Goya and Queen Mary of Parma; that Dix thought his "Society Woman" belonged in an antique shop; that Kokoschka felt that his "Marquis" was a fop and an imbecile; that Van Gogh read something of himself into the portrait of Doctor Gachet; that Kubin thought his "Landlady" was an unscrupulous hag.

Although these subjects invite us to read psychological values into them, the immediate pleasure or aesthetic satisfaction they give

us is visual, and only secondarily reflective. We can enjoy the linear, nervous angularity of the Van Gogh portrait for its own sake. This is true of all the objects included in this group, but especially so of the El Greco water color, the Dix, and the Goya.

When the symbol of a work of art becomes more important than the naturalistic reference, either mental or physical, we begin to walk across the threshold of fantasy. In all the phases of naturalism which were discussed we found examples which, as we pointed out in passing, come dangerously close to fantasy. And objects that legitimately belong in this group can be recruited from all the forms of art. All roads lead to fantasy if they are pursued far enough.

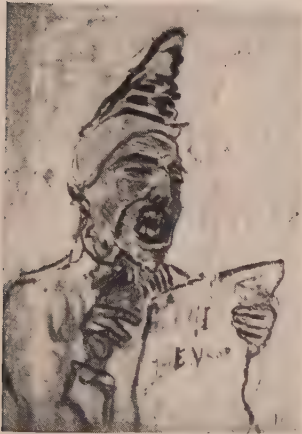




(Left)  
OTTO DIX: SOCIETY WOMAN  
(Water Color) 1923.  
Provincial Museum,  
Hanover



(Right)  
GOYA: MARIA  
LUISA OF PARMA  
(Oil). c. 1800. Collec-  
tion Old Pinakothek  
Munich



JAMES ENSOR: THE SING-  
ERS (Detail; Oil). c. 1895



EL GRECO (1541-1614):  
SINGING ANGEL (Water  
Color)



PAUL KLEE: GROTESQUE  
HEAD (Wash Drawing)



KOKOSHKHA: THE MARQUIS  
(Oil). c. 1910. Private Collection



ALFRED KUBIN: LAND-  
LADY (Wash Drawing)  
c. 1910



VAN GOGH (1853-1890): POR-  
TRAIT OF DR. GACHET (Etching)



TITIAN:  
THE TOILET  
OF VENUS

Purchased by  
Andrew W. Mel-  
lon from the  
Hermitage through  
M. Knoedler  
& Co.

## SPEAKING ABOUT ART

BY PHILIPPA WHITING

I UNDERSTAND that the theatre trade is brisk this year, that night clubs are losing their haunted, guilty expressions and are reserving tables in advance. The people who used to go to the theatre are going there once more, and the people who previously were fond of night life are once again indulging in it. It is remotely possible that the people who used to buy pictures will eventually resort to check books instead of charity exhibitions but thus far they have not emerged from the rigors of depression. No doubt they were harder hit than other people. Or perhaps it may be be-

cause the theatre lover pays or does without, whereas the art-lover can look at pictures all day without spending a nickel. A beneficent civilization has made art free, and that is very cultural and inspiring, except that the average artist is not so gifted with inspiration or culture after three days without food as he was at the beginning.

It is apparently a little stupid to assume that the economic destiny of the American artist can be returned to those who guarded it so tenderly in the past—just as stupid as it is to believe that, given a free hand, indus-



try will raise the living standards of its workers. It is not happening of itself, and it won't happen of itself. We can either abandon the matter there or attempt some other solution. Those who propose to solve it have developed a habit of looking first, and last, to the Federal Government, the idea being that we are so convinced of the importance of art that we must urge the Government to support it, in order that we be relieved of the necessity of supporting it ourselves.

When the PWAP died last spring there were thousands of protests. The Government had proved certain things: it had proved that in every community in the country there were artists who were ready to coöperate in producing for their community; that those artists, regardless of their fame or lack of it, were willing to accept honest wages instead of the rewards of genius; that museum staffs and organization heads were equipped to act as advisors and middle men—in other words that the machinery existed, the talent existed, and the demand existed. The Government then withdrew as a large-scale employer and said to the communities, "Go thou and do likewise." A few of them did. The vast majority accepted their artists back with reluctance and complained that the Government had let them down.

If we assume that art is something to be bought by the Government and presented to the people, that it should be removed from the vulgar marts of trade and lavished upon us by Old Father Congress, then I suppose the Government has let us down. In the past art has been bought for us by the foundations and the trustees of the nation—we have been trained to expect others to place it in our museums, to send it to us in traveling exhibitions at no cost to ourselves. The recent dependence upon the Government is merely the continuation of the old spinelessness that takes the artist out of contemporary civilization and makes him a charity ward.

The Government, however, assumes that its artists are workers and citizens, not incompetents for whom no one but the Government itself has any need. After having given the country an object lesson last year, it has pro-

ceeded to perfect its own permanent policy. This policy is made quite clear in the first Bulletin of the new Section of Painting and Sculpture, organized under the Procurement Division of the Treasury.\* In the normal course of events the Government is a consumer of art because it owns buildings which demand decorations. To be sure the art it has consumed in the past has frequently been bad enough to provoke acute indigestion, but there are always new buildings and clean walls. These walls will not support the hundreds of thousands of artists in America, but they afford an opportunity for intelligent leadership, for example, and encouragement. They provide an infinitely more realistic spur

\* See Editorial "Further Answer"; November, 1934, issue of *THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF ART*; p. 569.



EDGAR DEGAS: DANSEUSE (PASTEL)  
Recently acquired by the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston



DESCENT FROM  
THE CROSS  
IVORY PLAQUE

Italo-Byzantine  
Twelfth Century.  
Recent accession of  
the Museum of Fine  
Arts, Boston

to achievement than the sterility of the prize system. From the first issue of the Bulletin, it is obvious that the Government is not overlooking its opportunity.

Naturally the Section wishes to secure decorations of high quality. However, it is quite aware that the best cannot be provided through arbitrary selection from a narrow group of known reputations. It has no desire to continue the closed-corporation method of awarding commissions. It has therefore divided projects into two classes; those involving an expenditure of less than five thousand dollars, and those involving more. The former will be treated as local projects, wherever practicable they will be open to competi-

tion, wherever possible they will employ local talent. The Section will take advantage of the advice of local people who are experienced in the arts and who have a special interest in the artists. In national projects geographical limits will be ignored and an effort will be made to select the ablest artists in the country. Thus the Section looks to its local projects for the discovery and development, in their own communities, of hitherto unknown artists who will have an opportunity to prove their right to attempt the most important commissions. This gradual process, which builds an artist into his own environment, strengthens him through active association with the people who are nearest him, and offers him a chance



of a greater audience if he is worthy of it, is one of the few effective answers yet devised to the problem of meaningless fads, of chichi enthusiasms, of a new crop of geniuses every two years, and of the subsequent relegation of these same geniuses to the junk heap.

Artists will soon start work on two national and twelve local projects. The Post Office Department in Washington calls for an expenditure of over ninety-five thousand dollars for painting and sculpture; the Department of Justice will have seventy-five thousand for murals. The local projects are: a mural for the Bridgeport Post Office, Connecticut; decorations for the Marine Hospital, Louisville, Kentucky; decoration for the Merced Post Office, California; paintings for the Post Office at Ravenna, Ohio, and for the Springfield, Ohio, Post Office; a mural for the Post Office at Wichita, Kansas; a decoration in the Post Office at Beverly Hills, California; decorations for Barnesville, Cleveland, and Portsmouth, Ohio; and a mural for the Lynn, Massachusetts, Post Office. Full information may be had by writing the Section of Paintings and Sculpture, Public Works Branch, Procurement Division, Treasury Department, Washington, D. C.

The total sums to be spent on these projects are given in each case. No announcement has been made of the method of payment. It is to be hoped that the new administration will not continue the square-foot system that has prevailed hitherto. The acreage covered by a painting is no index of its quality, the capacity of the artist who did it, or the difficulty of the problem involved. Paying for painting according to the amount of it merely sidesteps all consideration of the genuinely important factors. Not all factors can be calculated in terms of compensation, but the most significant measurable factor is certainly the amount of time that the artist is working.

### *Study Collection for Dartmouth*

Dartmouth College, which houses Mr. Orozco's acid indictment of modern education (skeleton doctors in academic gowns delivering skeleton foetus from skeleton mother, couched on a heap of musty tomes), recently became the happy owner of "perhaps the most

comprehensive examples of contemporary paintings now in the possession of any college." A "study collection," the works of art were presented by Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and are intended to supplant the



VAN EYCK: ANNUNCIATION

Purchased by Andrew Mellon from the Hermitage through M. Knoedler & Co.

reproductions and loan exhibitions which Dartmouth has relied on in the past. Apart from contemporary painting and sculpture, there is a collection of American folk art and a series of twenty-two recent paintings by Indians of the Southwest. Mrs. Rockefeller has been assembling the collection for some years. The larger part of it was bought through the Downtown Gallery.

### *First Annual Independent Show, Washington*

Last year, when the Government began work, the citizens of Washington, D. C., awoke with a shock and discovered that they

had artists living in their midst. Not that Washington was alone in its innocent unawareness, but it had been as innocently unaware as any. Exhibitions had come and gone, and visiting tourists had dropped by the Corcoran Gallery on their way to the cherry blossoms, but very little had happened to disturb the solitude of the Washington artist. A year of the Treasury Department's new lease on art has brought forth what, for Washington, is an exotic fruit. On April twenty-second it will see its first Annual Independent Art Exhibit, open to all artists who are residents of Washington, or who still claim citizenship there. It will remain on view for



DÜRER:  
ST. JEROME IN  
HIS STUDY

Gift of Leonard C.  
Hanna, Jr., to the  
Cleveland Museum of  
Art



VAN GOGH:  
HOUSE AT  
AUVERS

Recent acquisition  
of the Toledo Mu-  
seum of Art



a month in seven or more of the city's leading department stores, and will include paintings, prints, and small sculptures. A committee will distribute the entries among the different stores so that each unit may be of approximately equal merit and balanced interest. Each store will offer a hundred dollar purchase prize and additional prizes will be donated by the *Washington Post* and by individual patrons. The prizes will be awarded by an out-of-town artist as yet unrevealed.

The exhibitions are designed as sales shows. Artists are urged to keep their prices low, and Washington citizens are expected to respond as they responded to the sales exhibition of works by PWAP artists held at the Corcoran Gallery last fall. Thirty women's clubs of the District Federation will participate. Duncan Phillips is Chairman of the Art Committee.

### *Black and Red*

California is notably hospitable to extremes. The first official exhibition of Fascist art has just closed at the Los Angeles Museum, an exhibition of the "younger and more experimental groups of artists" who are working

"under the gifted leadership of Mussolini." The show will tour the Coast under the auspices of the Western Association of Art Museum Directors before returning to Italy.\* During the summer Dr. Christian Brinton will be a member of the Mills College Art Faculty. He will lecture on art in the Soviet Union.

### *Mellon's Plums*

At the time of the beginning of Mr. Andrew Mellon's trial on charges of alleged income tax violations an announcement was made of some of Mr. Mellon's most treasured possessions—pictures purchased from the famous Hermitage in Leningrad. The pictures are no longer in Mr. Mellon's possession, strictly speaking, since they are in the hands of the trustees who are to see to the placing of his collection in a new building of the National Gallery of Art in Washington. But the public will have Mr. Mellon to thank when they are finally on view again, together with the rest of the collection.

The plums purchased by shrewdly gathered and wisely spent American capital from our

\* Plans for a circuit in the Eastern states are pending.

decapitalized neighbors are these: Raphael's "Madonna Alba," Perugino's "The Crucifixion" (tryptich), Titian's "The Toilet of Venus," Botticelli's "Adoration of the Magi," and Van Eyck's "The Annunciation." The transaction was managed by the firm of M. Knoedler & Company.

### *Return Engagement*

Carnegie International prize winners of the past played a return engagement in Pittsburgh last month when the Institute exhibited sixty-six paintings honored in the various Internationals from first to thirty-first. Practically all the prize paintings available in America were in the show; the Institute owns fourteen and sixteen are in the possession of Pittsburgh collectors.

### *Masks and Clowns*

The Tragic and Grotesque Expressed by Masks and Clowns—that was the imposing and engaging title of an exhibition on view in March at the Fogg Art Museum, Cambridge. The exhibition was conceived and executed by Professor Paul Sach's Class in Museum Work. As well as giving the class valuable experience, and allowing them to prove how much they have learned about such things, it may serve to give impetus to exhibitions based on ideas—rather than merely on periods, names, cross-sections, and the like.

The catalogue is a very creditable piece of work. It reveals, among other things, that the exhibition contained forty-nine masks, and that eleven prints, two stencils, and three drawings of clowns rounded out the show. Among the masks is the one reproduced on the cover of this issue of the Magazine. It is a Kyogen wooden mask, Japanese, of the eighteenth or nineteenth century, lent by the Brooklyn Museum. With its stark simplification and expressiveness it has a very contemporary feeling about it.

### *Accessions*

Three important paintings have been added to the permanent collection of the Toledo Museum of Art: Vincent Van Gogh's "Wheat Field" and "House at Auvers," and

Camille Pissaro's "Peasants Resting." All were shown at the Museum last November in its exhibition of Nineteenth Century French Paintings.

\* \* \*

The Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, has recently announced two acquisitions: one a Degas pastel from the Bernheim Jeune Collection, a splendid example of the artist's mature work; the other a well-known ivory, "The Descent from the Cross," formerly in the Trivulzio Collection at Milan. According to the Museum's release, the latter fills a conspicuous gap in its early Christian and Byzantine art collection. It is probably of north Italian workmanship of the twelfth or thirteenth century and reveals the monumental qualities which distinguished European art just before the Gothic period.

\* \* \*

Forty-three prints and drawings have been given the Cleveland Museum of Art by Leonard C. Hanna, Jr. The gift includes works by Lucas Van Leyden, Altdorfer, and other famous etchers and engravers. There are six Rembrandts and twelve Dürers.

### *U. S. Choice of Artists*

In selecting the artists for its largest national undertaking, up to the present time, the Section of Painting and Sculpture of the Treasury Department, Procurement Division, decided to accept the decision of its large and varied Advisory Committee which acted on the Post Office Department and the Justice Department buildings in Washington, D. C. The artists who received two votes more than any other artists on the lists handed in by each committee member, without conferring with any of his fellow members, were appointed to definite jobs. The other artists who received at least one vote, and in some cases several, will be invited to enter a competition for the remaining commissions not yet allocated. The artists so far appointed are: Thomas Benton, George Biddle, Rockwell Kent, Leon Kroll, Reginald Marsh, Henry Varnum Poor, Boardman Robinson, Eugene Savage, and Grant Wood, painters, and William Zorach and Paul Manship, sculptors.



# TOOLS AND MATERIALS

## III: WATER COLOR PAINTING\*

By E. BARNARD LINTOTT

**B**REVITY is the soul of wit and water color is a sort of shorthand of art. It imposes upon its exponents the necessity of quick decisions and the exercise of all their faculties of selection. Redundancy has no place and what is put down has to be put down quickly and left. Some years ago when I told a friend that I was going to write a book on water color, the friend, a water color painter, said, "Why write a book? Tell 'em to put on a full wash of color and allow it to dry undisturbed."

This in a sentence is the whole art of water color, that is to say transparent or true water color, but it presupposes a knowledge of a multiplicity of other things as well: form, tone, color, light and shade, perspective design, etc., etc. A full brush of color will dry with bloom and purity, whereas if it is once triturated, rubbed, or otherwise disturbed, the result is quite different and is in fact a misuse of the medium.

### THE WATER COLOR PAINTER'S PRIMARY NEEDS

These are simple enough. They comprise pieces of paper, a box of colors, and some water in a conveniently shaped receptacle. The question of paper is perhaps the most difficult one. For a beginner any good white paper will serve. Such papers are made by Whatman, O.W., which is a paper especially made for the members of the old Water-colour Society: Bachelor, Green, and other forms. It is one of the curious inconsistencies of human nature to despise paper because of an idea that it is a frail thing easily destructible. This is an unreasoning prejudice against one of the most beautiful and perfect substances ever made by the genius of man. Every artist has a decided preference for one paper to any other; one has only to look back a hundred years to verify this fact. Creswick liked one kind, Cox another. One paper is connected

with the name of Harding, and there are very few artists who have not heard of Turner's blue-grey paper, while the rough paper used by Carrermole differs entirely from that affected by Birket Foster. Some prefer a rough surface, others smooth; one artist will prefer a semi-absorbent paper, whilst another will require one which is highly sized to prevent absorption. Many painters prefer an old paper to a newly manufactured one, and in Europe there is a keen rivalry to acquire specimens of old Italian, French, English, and Dutch papers. These papers are known jocularly as "vintage" papers, and they are not easy to procure; but the would-be buyer is advised when abroad to ask sellers of old books for "blank" books of paper.

There is little doubt that the old papers are infinitely superior, in most cases, to the new ones. In the old days the linen rags from which most paper is made were washed in a running stream and washed well by hand, for the strong soaps and cleansers of modern times were unknown. Today the use of these soaps tends to "rot" the fiber of the material and it has not the same toughness and durability which it formerly possessed. One does not wish to imply that all paper is necessarily bad, as, indubitably, great care is taken by certain paper manufacturers to produce articles that will do credit to their names. The best method of determining, in a rough and ready way, the permanence of a paper is to cut a slip of it and place it in a book, one half being outside the book, and exposed in a position (under glass, if possible, on account of dust) where it will receive any sunlight that may appear. The other half should be enclosed in the book between the leaves and hidden from all light. After an interval of a month, the slip should be removed and carefully examined. All papers yellow slightly on exposure to sunlight, but some in a degree which is negligible, whilst others—particularly the paper made from wood pulp—will be found to have changed considerably. One

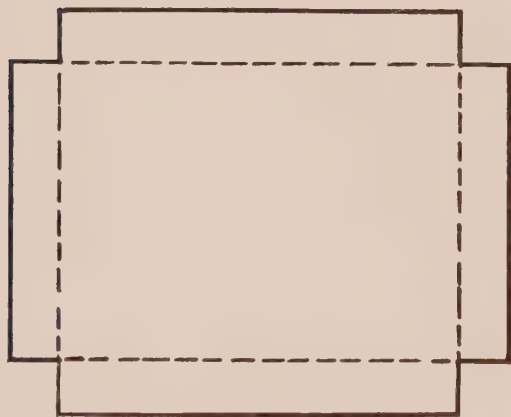
\* This article deals solely with true transparent water color and not with gouache painting.

has only to instance the change which everyone must notice in the color of an old newspaper.

#### THE DRAWING BOARD OR SKETCHING CASE

There are many types of boards supplied by artists' colormen for straining paper, but an ordinary three-ply drawing board, not too heavy and not liable to warp, is all that is needed. The paper ought to be some two or two-and-a-half inches larger than the drawing board, and it should be well damped by plunging it into water. Then the overlapping paper should be pinned with drawing pins to the back of the board. It must not be pulled or strained roughly, but gently stretched over the board and then given time to dry thoroughly. This will give an even surface which will not cockle when one comes to work upon it. With the thicker paper, when one is practiced, this straining is not necessary, and the sketching cases with a black japanned frame, as sold by all artists' colormen of repute, will be found to answer all requirements.

Should the student in straining the paper have difficulty with the corners it will be found a good thing to cut out a small square piece from each corner as shown in the accompanying diagram.



This will ensure the paper's lying absolutely flat. If these square pieces are not cut out, the paper has a tendency to form radiating lines from each corner when dry.

Some old painters used to keep their paper constantly damp by using a certain kind of

frame, so made that a piece of wet or damp cloth could be put at the back of the paper with the object of preserving a damp surface all the time they were working. The Dutch used a piece of glass (which does not absorb water) upon a table, with wet blotting paper. Sometimes a piece of blanket was used. The writer advises working with the paper dry. In working this way one has more control, whereas by the wet method the freshness and bloom of color is lost. In working with the paper wet all over, the Dutch artists before mentioned were obliged to keep the surface flat, and then they attempted to flood in whatever they were painting. After this was accomplished, certain crisp touches and accents were added in the studio when the first painting was dry. This method is haphazard and there is little or no control.

Control is the hardest thing to achieve, and the chaotic formless water colors that one sees so often bear witness to this fact. This is of course a matter of technique and is outside the scope of this article, which deals chiefly with tools and materials.

#### THE WATER COLOR BOX AND ITS CONTENTS

There has been much discussion for many years among artists regarding the comparative value of cake colors and moist colors. The writer strongly recommends the use of cake colors—a half cake will fill a whole pan if it is put in and a damp cloth laid over it. It is also much more economical. There is little doubt that the cake gives the finer and fuller quality of color. It needs more patience in the working but is well worth the extra trouble. It is true that moist colors flow more easily and are ever ready for use. It is for this reason they are more used by amateurs than the professional water colorists.

To test the possibilities of a color, it is advisable to take a piece of white paper and paint a series of washes from the palest tint to the strongest possible touch. And good advice to a young painter is to paint experimentally with two opposites, a warm and a cold color: cobalt blue and sepia, Prussian blue and burnt sienna, etc.

As a primary list, the following colors are indispensable: cobalt blue, yellow ochre,



Venetian red (these three colors should be kept in a state of perfect purity), ivory black, and burnt sienna. A full list includes: aureolin and Naples yellow, raw sienna, viridian (green oxide of chromium transparent), rose madder, vermilion, French ultramarine, and Prussian blue. All these colors will be found to have different qualities; the washes of each and every one of them vary in the way they dry. Some are put on with the greatest facility, but it needs great practice for others, say ultramarine for example.

A selection of permanent pigments by Professor Church of the Royal Academy of London\* is of interest, especially since it applies to both water colors and oils. The list is divided into two sections, the first of which is made up of: flake white, cadmium yellow, aureolin, and yellow ochre; vermilion, madder carmine, and light red; viridian, and artificial ultramarine; raw umber, cappagh brown, and ivory black. In the second section, the following supplementary pigments are included: raw sienna, Naples yellow, baryta yellow; purple madder, madder brown, cobalt violet; green oxide of chromium, terre verte, cobalt green; cobalt, Prussian blue, burnt sienna.

The same book by Professor Church contains useful instructions for synthesizing colors. Indigo can be very closely imitated with ultra-marine, black, and a trace of viridian. A good deal of madder carmine added to cappagh brown and a little ivory black simulates Van Dyke brown. Yellow ochre, aureolin, and cappagh brown make a good raw sienna; and an exact Venetian red is possible with a mixture of vermilion, yellow ochre, madder carmine, and a little cappagh brown.

#### THE WATER COLOR BOX

The box itself should have at least three fairly deep wells and should hold about eighteen whole pans, each of which will take a

half cake, as mentioned some paragraphs back.

Brushes should be of sable, although many painters use fitch and ichneumon. The sable brush has more spring, and comes back to its original shape quickly after being wetted.

Three brushes of various sizes and a map are all that is necessary.

#### EASELS

Artists' colormen will show the intending purchaser dozens of varieties of easels, but without exception they are not to be compared, from the point of view of usefulness, to your own hands and knees. (It is understood that no drawing larger than a half imperial is contemplated in out-of-door work before nature.) The half imperial in true water color is the equivalent of a six-foot oil picture. The writer has for years adopted the plan of working with the board resting upon his knees, and never with a so-called water color easel. The easel is more of a bother than a help, for every wash of color will run down the same way, and the monotony is very wearisome. Whereas if the board rests on your knees (it is admitted that it is inconvenient) it is easy to move it in any direction, and above all one has more control.

A good strong seat, it cannot be too strong, will make up the equipment. It is difficult in the space of a short article to give the whole of the knowledge available on the subject of tools and materials for water color painting, but the salient points of the greatest value have been selected. It must be remembered that water color is the oldest form of painting known, preceding oil painting by thousands of years in China, Persia, India, etc. For further information I must refer the reader to the following books: *The Art of Water Colour Painting*, by E. Barnard Lintott, published by Scribner, Fifth Avenue, New York; and *Water Colour Painting*, by Alfred W. Rich, published by Seeley and Company of London, England.

\* *The Chemistry of Paints and Painting*; London: Seeley and Company, Publishers.



HARRY GOTTLIEB: WINTER LANDSCAPE

Awarded the Carnegie Prize (\$250) at the 110th Annual Exhibition of the National Academy of Design

## THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER

By FORBES WATSON

### THE NATIONAL ACADEMY UNION

IN OUR daily politics it is the radicals who are unionized and the conservatives who act as independent individuals. It is the so-called white collar man who has no union to help him out of his difficulties, but in Art the story is different. The liberals act as individuals and the conservatives have their unions of which, undoubtedly, the greatest is the National Academy Union. To be sure, there is the fast-growing Artists' Union but that is young, idealistic, anti-capitalistic and looking ahead to a new social order. Its members are willing to put themselves out for people who have no desire to make a picture or to buy a picture. They will labor to help shop girls or elevator men get just earnings. I am discussing a much more old-fashioned and more hard-boiled type of union, the kind which believes in the rewards of capitalism and wants to get for itself as ample a share of them as possible. It does not care anything about shop girls or sweat shops. It wants rich buyers and lots of them. It wants to sell its own art for fat prices—nothing else is so important.

The depression has been pretty hard on the

National Academy Union. Its exhibitions in the last few years have made about as much impression upon the world of art as a lead dime dropped into the center of the ocean makes upon the movements of the Gulf Stream. But Mr. Jonas Lie, the President of the N. A. U., is one of those undaunted gentlemen who does not admit defeat. "The old prestige of the Academy could and should be restored," thought Mr. Lie, forgetting the fact, almost too simple to mention, that times have changed. Possibly he also realized the effect of the depression on the market of the American artist in general. Fifth Avenue can still hold exhibitions of American paintings but Fifth Avenue, in a large sense of the word, cannot sell American paintings. There are great bargains in French paintings to be had and despite the noise made by our "going American movement," the fact remains that many of our collectors have more confidence in the European product than in the American.

Whatever the rights and wrongs, if any, of the situation, although a great many liberal painters are producing a great many excellent paintings, for which it would be nice



to have a market, only a few favored stars are doing at all well. This rather dismal fact helped Mr. Jonas Lie very much when he invited fifteen or twenty non-Academic artists to contribute to the current 110th Annual Academy show. A few of those invited thought it was not good business to accept. I imagine that Alexander Brook, for example, must have been invited yet I saw no Alexander Brook. Edward Hopper also must have been invited but, in his case, he was quite right in "regretting" since he refused some years ago to become a member of the Academy. But some artists who fearlessly consider themselves established as members of the advance guard decided that their reputations could not be shaken by showing in the Academy and, of course, sales being what they are, an Academy prize might come in handy. A number of these gentlemen were immediately invited to become members of the Academy and a number of them accepted.

I think that Mr. Jonas Lie's experiment, in which he must have had the hearty cooperation of Mr. Leon Kroll, is immensely interesting. Unquestionably, if enough of the most vital artists joined the Academy, the Institution would revive its lost prestige.

Anyone who examines the present exhibition will easily perceive that among the invited paintings there are no pictures which illustrate a point of view fundamentally op-

posed to the point of view illustrated by the works of the members. Possibly, the only painting which will bring forth from the uninitiated a little gasp of surprise is "Parade" by Peter Blume. This picture has been around a good deal and people have become accustomed to the labor pains and paucity of its invention.

Another picture by one of the invited artists is "Winter Landscape" by Harry Gottlieb. Is there anything about it that makes it ineligible in Academic circles? As if they approved of the fact, the Academicians honored Mr. Gottlieb with a \$1,000 prize "for a landscape painting by an American-born citizen." When it was learned that Mr. Gottlieb was not born in America, the prize had to be withdrawn and Mr. Gottlieb received only \$250 award money. His landscape, incidentally, treats a theme that he knows well and does well.

Two or three rather amusing and pathetic incidents took place this year at the Academy. Mr. Grant Wood, born to be an Academician, was among those invited to lift the N. A. U. out of the slough of despond. He or his agent submitted an early picture by the best seller of the Middle West, and Mr. Jonas Lie and his friends rejected it, so that Mr. Grant Wood occupies the unique position of having been invited to become a member of the Academy and of having his picture refused.

# EDWARD BRUCE: TAXES

In the 110th  
Annual  
Exhibition  
of the  
National  
Academy of  
Design





RENOIR:  
LA DANSE  
A LA CAMPAGNE

In the Renoir  
Benefit Exhibition  
at the  
Durand-Ruel  
Gallery



RENOIR:  
LA FAMILLE  
HENRIOT

In the First  
Exhibition at  
the Bignou  
Gallery



Rumor has it that Mr. Grant Wood is selling faster than he can produce. How too bad!

Mr. Louis Kronberg, who has been up for Academy membership for some thirty years, has finally been given the palm of victory. He sent one of his early Boston-Degas school of paintings, which is hung. Somehow the mere thought of a gentleman's being put up for an Academy membership for thirty years is so revealing that it is touching. Who could believe, in these days of iconoclasts and brain-trusts, that anyone would be so sturdy in his affections for an institution?

Among the new members is Edward Bruce. Aside from the fact that his painting entitled "Taxes" illustrates at their best the definite, clean aims of Mr. Bruce's thoroughly masculine art, his election to the Academy was, on the part of that institution, about as wise a move as it could have made. If anyone can assist our oldest union of artists toward the higher ideals of unionism, toward a complete forgetfulness of politics, Edward Bruce is the man.

The main point about this year's exhibition is not whether Mr. Lie's strategy in tempting artists of non-Academic ideals to exhibit and become Academicians would have succeeded in happier times. Nor is the fact that the new

members may save the Academy from its descent into anachronism of staggering importance. I believe that Mr. Lie's strategy may be successful. To be sure, the new members did not revolutionize the exhibition, but they certainly added their quota of life to it. By joining the century-old union they put the Academy back in the headlines with the result that the attendance has been splendid and a somewhat livelier atmosphere permeates the galleries.

An important accomplishment of the exhibition seems to me to be the fact that by including the guests which it invited, it contributed to the breaking down of tags which no longer make sense. If a man has the power to express himself in the medium which he employs with complete honesty, and some sense of discrimination, if what he does makes us feel that painting or sculpture is his true *métier*, if what he has to say is sufficiently interesting to interest us, does it matter whether he is what the moderns call old-fashioned, or what the old-fashioned call modern?

BENEFIT EXHIBITION BY RENOIR

Under the patronage of a list of distinguished ladies and gentlemen which is headed



CÉZANNE:

THE  
ARTIST'S  
WIFE

In the First  
Exhibition  
at the Bignou  
Gallery,  
New York

by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, an exhibition of paintings by Renoir is being held at the Durand-Ruel Galleries for the benefit of Hope Farm, that Community School for Children which has done such inestimable good. Generally, when a catalogue describes an exhibition by the term "Masterpieces," the visitor's prejudices are awakened; but in the case of Pierre Auguste Renoir no such thoughts come to the surface. For many years now every true lover of painting has placed Renoir among the great. He is not unpleasantly great, not an objectionable giant; his greatness is altogether human; his glories are infinitely charming. The qualities of his art arouse in

those to which it appeals so satisfying an affection that, as in the case of every other artist whose work we deeply love, we forget, in our sense of satisfaction, to be impressed. On the other hand, if one attempts to analyze the qualities that make Renoir so preeminent a painter, he soon discovers that the secrets of his art are exceedingly elusive, and certainly no painter who cares at all about the beauties of the art of painting, could fail to be enormously impressed by Renoir's uncanny mastery.

To all close followers of the delights offered by Renoir's paintings, most of the pictures shown on this occasion are familiar, but that





AILEEN KING DRESSER: THE TOWERS  
In the Opening Exhibition at the Hearn Galleries

does not dilute the pleasures offered by this brilliant gathering of twenty-six paintings which range from "Pont Neuf" and "Portrait de Mme. Chocquet," each dated 1872, to the "Femme couchée" of 1916. Within this range, there are among other distinguished works those often seen favorites of which one could never tire, "La tasse de chocolat," of 1878; the joyous "Danse à la campagne" of 1883; the splendid "Baigneuse" of 1885; the gay and lovely "Fillette au faucon" of 1880. And in the hall leading to the Gallery a series of smaller pictures completes the range of this resplendent exhibition.

#### THE BIGNOU OPENING

When M. Bignou and his associates decided to open a gallery in New York, they very evidently decided to treat art not as popular and easy-going, but as something highly selective, precious and rare. Choice, discernment, sophistication have gone into the make-up of the opening exhibition. The point is illustrated by the fact that it consists of only eight pictures and that these are hung and framed as if each were a jewel beyond com-

pare. The appeal of the exhibition, so to speak, is to royalty rather than democracy or, to put it more exactly, to a cultivated rather than a popular taste. The large Renoir "La famille Henriot," painted about 1876, is replete with Renoir's irresistible ability to project his sense of the deliciousness of life. It has infinite charm but it is thinner in form than Renoir at his best, and some of the too thickly painted high lights, such as those on the central figure's dress, are disturbing. Yet, even with these breaks in the unity of the whole, the picture is a lovely thing to look at.

To me the star piece in this exhibition is the "Portrait de Madame Cézanne," painted about 1892. There is a sober richness in the color which is positively impressive, and the head has a quality of solidity which brings into the mind of the observer the question of why some form even when it is convincing, seems temporary, while other form seems eternal in its permanence.

The early Corot, dated 1834, despite passages of great interest, makes on the whole the impression of a labored machine, and for me the Gauguin is little better than a poster. To



GEORGINA KLITGAARD: FARM AND HORSECHESTNUT

In the Artist's Exhibition at the Rehn Gallery

complete the impressive array there is "Le restaurant Carrel à Arles"; "Le jugement de Paris," as it is called, by Renoir; and an excellent example of the art of Georges Seurat.

This exhibition, though so small, has attracted a large attendance and everybody seems to feel that as time passes M. Bignou will bring forth other rare treasures.

#### FOURTEEN STARS

At the Downtown Gallery a blue-covered catalogue with silver stars symbolizes an exhibition the Gallery has arranged of fourteen pictures by fourteen artists. We like galleries which have convictions about their artists and which believe that every one they are handling is a star. No suggestion of comparative size in stars is made in the catalogue. Mrs. Halpert has brought forth a group of familiar American paintings that are varied and stimulating.

#### GEORGINA KLITGAARD

The reputation of Georgina Klitgaard, quite deservedly, has been mounting in the

past few years. She is a professional, she is diligent, and she has talent. The result of these attributes could hardly fail to bring progress in her art.

Yet a recent exhibition at the Rehn Galleries, except for the water colors, can hardly be said to be satisfactory to her many admirers. At first glance her paintings seem to be somewhat deeper and more dramatic than her earlier paintings, but against longer study they do not quite hold their own.

#### TOO MANY COMMITTEES

If it is true of cooks, it is certainly true of committees that too many of them make a mess rather than a broth. The Hearn Department Store on Fourteenth Street has recently opened a gallery in which to exhibit paintings. This very simple undertaking was done under the auspices of the Committee of One Hundred by the Art Council of Lower New York.

The Hearn Stores have given the space. The Art Council has arranged the exhibition; the Committee of One Hundred has spon-

(Continued on page 248)



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*and so dependent on you*

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## The Innocent Bystander

(Continued from page 246)

sored it as its first great, magnanimous deed.

A room in the far corner of a crowded department store which is reached after passing through the cheapest kind of an art department has been well hung with a group of pictures devoted to the subject New York. At the end of the first week of the exhibition the only catalogue was a cheap mimeographed paper.

The Hearn Stores evidently considered this good enough for an exhibition containing well selected examples of the art of Kenneth Hayes Miller, Reginald Marsh, Aileen King Dresser, Isabel Bishop, Bumpei Usui, George Picken, and others. I'm afraid that Hearn's did not quite appreciate the honor of having these artists exhibit there. If the painters cannot be treated with a fair amount of dignity they might do well to drop department stores from their lists.

## Negro Art at the Modern Museum

Negro art began to be shown in this country about twenty years ago, after the word had come from Paris that the "modern" artists were wildly acclaiming it. Marius de Zayas introduced it to the Stieglitz Gallery and showed it later in his own Modern Gallery and in the gallery which subsequently bore his name. Artists, critics, and collectors were furiously interested, not to say enthralled. Of late years few American painters have shown in their work any influence derived from Negro art. It might be said to have passed as an active force. The time is ripe, therefore, for the Modern Museum to take up what it conceives to be its historical duties toward the aesthetic of this perplexing and fascinating subject. These duties have been delegated to Mr. James Sweeney, who has assembled a collection of six hundred items. By the time this is printed they will be installed in the Modern Museum. It is safe to predict that this will be by far the most complete and important exhibition of Negro art ever seen in this country. Knowing Mr. Alfred Barr's flair for installation it is not reckless to promise a presentation worthy of the collection.



## New York Exhibitions—April

(Listed through the cooperation of the  
"New York Art Calendar")

*Ackerman & Son*, 50 E. 57th St. Etchings by contemporary Americans.

*American Women's Association*, 353 W. 57th St. Sculpture by Malvina Hoffman, to Apr. 6.

*An American Place*, 509 Madison Ave. Watercolors by George Grosz, to Apr. 10; new paintings by Arthur G. Dove, Apr. 11 to May 11.

*Argent Galleries*, 42 W. 57th St. New York Society of Women Artists, to Apr. 13; Paintings by Professor Emil Jacques of Notre Dame University and Sculpture by Grace Mott Johnson, Apr. 15 to 27.

*Art Students League*, 215 W. 57th St. Work by students and members, to Apr. 6. 1935, out of town scholarship winners and one example of work done during 1935 by winners of 1934, Apr. 11 to 19; Prints from collection of Kathrin Cawein, Apr. 23 to May 4.

*Avery Library*, Columbia Univ., 118th St. Maimonides Memorial, to Apr. 3; Anticipations of Modern Architecture, Apr. 4 to 14; Lesuer's Drawings of the United States, Apr. 15 to May 7.

*Brooklyn Museum*, Eastern Pkwy. Child Art from Elementary Schools of New York State, to Apr. 28; Persian Miniatures and Pottery, opens Apr. 5.

*Brunner Gallery*, 53 E. 57th St. Sculpture by Mateo Hernandez, to May 11.

*Carlyle Gallery*, 250 E. 57th St. Flower Paintings by Americans.

*Leonard Clayton Gallery*, 106 E. 57th St. Etchings by Childe Hassam and Harry Wickey.

*Contemporary Arts*, 41 W. 54th St. Paintings by Dorothy Kreymborg, to Apr. 13; Watercolors by Anne Steele Marsh and Sculpture by Paul Lucker, to Apr. 20; Paintings by Emory Ladanyi, Apr. 15 to May 4; Paintings by Michael Rosenthal, Apr. 22 to May 4.

*Decorators Club*, 745 Fifth Ave. Pottery, paintings, etc., by the Ceramic Society and Design Guild, to Apr. 13.

*Ehrich-Newhouse Galleries*, 578 Madison Ave. "Drawn from Life" by S. J. Woolf, to Apr. 6; Flower paintings by Mrs. Nell Walker Warner, Apr. 8 to 20.

*Eighth Street Gallery*, 61 W. 8th St. Gouaches by A. F. Levinson, to Apr. 17; Third Anniversary Group Show, Apr. 18 to May 11.

*Ferargil Galleries*, 63 E. 57th St. Paintings by Thomas Hart Benton, to Apr. 15; Paintings by Grant Wood, Apr. 15 to May 4.

*Fifteen Gallery*, 37 W. 57th St. Paintings by Alice Judson, to Apr. 6; Watercolors by Elizabeth H. T. Huntington, Apr. 8 to 20; Members' Work through April.

(Continued on page 252)

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## WANDERLUST

**T**wo years ago, there appeared in these pages the first attempt at a travel column. This "attempt" was engendered by the discovery that such a great proportion of you who read this Magazine are not only infected by that most delightful of all infections, wanderlust, but because you allow the infection to run its happy course, even to the extent of carrying you off to far distant places.

Consequently, we arrived at the deduction that you might find an informative, newsy travel column, indulging in items of timely interest quite worthwhile.

Predicated on this assumption, there appeared, at infrequent intervals, a few notes, scattered hither and thither among the advertising pages.

So popular was your reception of these brief notes, and so enthusiastically have you received and used the Federation's Travel Service, that your editor condescended to a regular travel section, at least during the months of April, May, June and July.

Hence, there was prepared, some weeks ago, a neat little manuscript, designed to be of interest and service to you.

But as you know, at times even the best of intentions fall by the wayside. Authors grew lengthy (not verbose), and more illustrations were demanded by the articles than anticipated. Thus the blue pencil fell—with the swift and fearful thud of the guillotine, on the travel section.

And since the space is so greatly reduced, and your induction to this first regularly ordained column almost intolerably long, we are circumscribed to the printing of a list of events in Europe, during the period of April 15 to May 1, which we hope you will find useful and worthwhile.

### *Calendar*

April 15:

England: Shakespeare Dramatic Festival opens at Stratford-on-Avon.

Continues until the middle of September.

Holland: Bulbs in bloom for a month in the Haarlem district.



April 19:

Germany: Performance of Verdi's "Requiem" at Mannheim.

Hungary: St. Matthew Passion Music of Bach at the Music Academy, Budapest, by the Choral and Orchestral Society.

April 20:

England: Folk Dances and Song Holidays for a week at Felixstone and Reigate.

France: Grand Music Festival for 3 days at Menton.

April 21:

Italy: Exhibition of the works of Correggio opens at Parma.

April 25:

Scotland: Beginning of four day Music Festival at Aberdeen.

April 26:

Italy: Flower Festival at Capri.

April 27:

Italy: Mandolin Concerts and classical dances in the Greek Theater—by moonlight—for two days at Taormina.

April 29:

England: Manx Music Festival at the Isle of Man, until May 2.

Norway: Philharmonic Society Concert in Oslo, with Beethoven's 9th Symphony.

April 30:

Sweden: Walpurgis Night—celebrating the return of Spring. The celebration centers at the famous out-door museum, Skansen.

France: Le Salon Exposition of Painting and Sculpture, Grand Palais, Paris, until June 30.

If you would like additional information on any of the events listed above do not hesitate to write to Travel Service, The American Federation of Arts, Barr Building, Washington.

*N.B. So that you may not miss a single issue of the magazine, we will gladly route your copies along an itinerary—even abroad. In the latter case, give us your address between the 12th and 15th of the month, for that month's issue.*

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## New York Galleries—April

(Continued from page 249)

*Grand Central Art Galleries*, 15 Vanderbilt Ave.  
Drawings by Putnam Brinley, Apr. 2 to 13;  
Sculpture by George Grey Barnard, Apr. 14 to  
May 4. Fifth Avenue Branch. Portraits by  
John Lavalle, Apr. 15 to 27; Garden Sculpture  
by Stella Elkins Tyler, Apr. 22 to May 4.

*Grant Studios*, 110 Remsen St. Annual Spring  
Watercolor Exhibit of Brooklyn Society of Art-  
ists, Apr. 8 to 30.

*Grolier Club*, 47 E. 60th St. Chinese prints and  
Chinese illustrated books, to Apr. 10.

*Marie Harriman Gallery*, 61-63 57th St. Paint-  
ings by Willard Nash, Apr. 8 to 22.

*Kennedy Gallery*, 785 Fifth Ave. Etchings and  
Watercolors by Martin Lewis.

*Kleemann Galleries*, 38 E. 57th St. Paintings of  
Iceland by Emile Walters, to Apr. 15.

*Kraushaar Gallery*, 680 Fifth Ave. Complete col-  
lection of etchings by Mahonri Young, to Apr.  
6; Paintings by Harriette G. Miller, Apr. 9  
to 27.

*La Salle Gallery*, 3105 Broadway. First Anniver-  
sary Exhibition featuring the surrealist art of  
Rodríguez Orgaz.

*John Levy Galleries*, 1 E. 57th St. Recent paint-  
ings by Louis Kronberg, to Apr. 13.

*Julien Levy Gallery*, 602 Madison Ave. Recent  
paintings by Eugene Berman, Apr. 2 to 22;  
Photographs by Cartier-Bresson, Walker Evans  
and Brett Weston, Apr. 23 to May 15.

*Limited Editions Club, Inc.*, 551 Fifth Ave. Illus-  
trative work by George Grosz.

*Pierre Matisse Gallery*, 51 E. 57th St. "Modern  
Paintings and Primitive Arts."

*Metropolitan Museum of Art*, Fifth Ave. and  
82nd St. Japanese Costumes—Nō Robes and  
Buddhist Vestments, Gal. D 6; Prints that  
Washington lived with at Mount Vernon, Alex-  
andria Assembly Room (M 16), to April 14;  
Bryson Burroughs Memorial Exhibition, Gals.  
K 37-40, to May 5; Egyptian Acquisitions, 1933-  
4, continued.

*Milch Galleries*, 108 W. 57th St. Watercolors by  
John Whorf, to Apr. 13.

*Morton Galleries*, 130 W. 57th St. Paintings by  
R. Mahler, to Apr. 6; Pastels by Eugene Fitch  
and Paintings by Gainsworth, Apr. 8 to 20.

*Museum of Modern Art*, 11 W. 53rd St. African  
Negro Art, to May 19.

*National Academy of Design*, 215 W. 57th St.  
110th Annual Exhibition, to Apr. 9.

*National Arts Club*, 119 E. 19th St. Loan Ex-  
hibition from Artists' Studios, opens Apr. 3.

*Raymond & Raymond*, 40 E. 49th St. Work by  
the students of high schools of greater New  
York, to Apr. 27.

*F. K. M. Rehn*, 683 Fifth Ave. Paintings and  
Watercolors by Fiske Boyd, to Apr. 20.

*Squibb Art Galleries*, 745 Fifth Ave. Mexican  
work, auspices of College Art Association, to  
Apr. 8; work by young artists, Apr. 15 to 29.

*Staten Island Institute of Arts & Sciences*, St.  
George. Watercolors and pastels by Staten Is-  
land Artists; Exhibition of Egyptian objects lent  
by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, to May 5.

*Marie Sterner Gallery*, 9 E. 57th St. Watercolors  
by Marion Simmons, to Apr. 15; Paintings by  
Brabo, Apr. 15 to 27.

*Uptown Gallery*, 249 West End Ave. Paintings  
by the "Uptown Group."

*Valentine Gallery*, 69 E. 57th St. Paintings by



Milton Avery, Louis Eilshemius, Leon Hartl, John Kane, Raphael Soyer, and Joseph Stella. *E. Weyhe Galleries*, 794 Lexington Ave. Paintings by M. Kainz, to Apr. 6; Sculpture by Doris Caesar, Apr. 8 to 27.

*Whitney Museum of American Art*, 10 W. 8th St. American Genre—The Social Scene in Painting and Prints, to Apr. 29.

*Wildenstein Galleries*, 19 E. 64th St. Paintings by Hubert-Robert, to Apr. 9.

*Catherine Lorillard Wolfe Art Club*, 802 Broadway. Work by three members, Apr. 6 to 30.

*Howard Young Galleries*, 677 Fifth Ave. Paintings of the 17th and 18th Century.

## NEW BOOKS ON ART

### The Cross. Its History and Symbolism

By George Willard Benson. Buffalo, New York, 1934. Illustrated. Price, \$3.50.

FOR a number of years the author has collected and studied crosses as an avocation. He has picked up a large number in the course of his extensive travels and has inquired into the symbolism and meaning of their various forms. This unique collection which he has so carefully made may now be viewed in the Buffalo Historical Museum, and the fruits of his studies have been embodied in this book. Since Mr. Benson is engaged in the pleasant task of riding his favorite hobby he has presented the results of his researches in an informal manner, shorn of footnotes and references. To the general reader this will be welcome, but the more serious student of iconography cannot but regret their omission. The author makes no claims to being an art historian and hence may be forgiven several unimportant mis-statements such as the date of the upper church of Saint Clement and the supposed use of the Catacombs as refuges for persecuted Christians.

At the end of the first chapter is this sentence which may be taken as a summation of the entire book: "The cross is a symbol more universal in its use and more important in its significance than any other in the world." Mr. Benson in the ensuing pages develops this statement, treating the legends of the cross, its various forms Christian and pagan, their significance and the history of their development.

He enters into a discussion of the cross as it

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## Commemorative Catalogue of the EXHIBITION of BRITISH ART

The catalogue raisonné of the exhibition held at the Royal Academy of Arts, London, January-March 1934. 257 Plates, comprising some 400 illustrations. \$20.00

## A NOTE ON MODERN PAINTING

By H. R. Wackrill, "A meaty book . . . will be a revelation to readers who have looked in vain for a concise, unimpassioned presentation of the Modern Movement." *The Art Digest*. 4 half-tone illustrations. \$1.50

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S. A. CALLISEN

Decorative Art

The Studio Year Book. Edited by C. G. Holme. New York, Studio Publications, Inc., Publishers. Price, \$3.50 (paper); \$4.50 (cloth).

THIS is the 1934 issue of an annual publication which is on its way to reaching its thirtieth year. For those who are familiar with the series it is sufficient to say that the present number is similar to the previous ones, in format, arrangement, and quality of contents. For the few others, some idea of the volume may be given by saying that it is concerned with home planning and furnishing, and may be thought of as an elaboration of the typical monthly periodical devoted to the subject—with two leading articles, followed by a collection of photographs.

In the past year, just as most of those things which seemed most stable in our outward lives have reached a level of the lowest extreme, so it has been with decoration. Wherever possible, it has been ruled out in the interest of utility. If the levelling down were to continue, decorative art would disappear entirely. Because of our innate pleasure in ornament, it is likely that soon there is to be an upward turn. The current tendencies are not new in the history of taste. Other critics and designers have fought against ostentation and superfluous ornament. But today we are in danger of allowing rationalization to vitiate the spontaneity of design. Too frequently what is considered simplification is no more than monotony and lapse of ingenuity. There are examples of modern "functional" furniture which strongly recall this or that "period" style, and only fear of having them resemble too much their prototypes has caused them to be made needlessly clumsy. However, a review of representative illustrations shows that along with the preva-



lent hospital or factory stiffness in home design there are indications of a new inclination toward free use of decorative detail.

The foregoing paragraph is a summary of Mr. John de la Valette's foreword to the year book which, though written with no particular distinction, nevertheless sets forth a reasonable point of view, and some good ideas.

It is interesting to note that though modern decoration is an international style, one can detect certain local predilections. American and British designers on a whole tend toward conservatism. The Germans and Austrians are among the most rigidly severe. The Italians make a study of surface, and display a fine understanding of the use of texture for sensuous effect. The French show a liking for gentle lines and refined detail which sometimes, it must be admitted, detract from the energy of their designs. The Dutch and Scandinavian examples, on the other hand, have a robust character. However, there are many designs whose nationality it would be difficult to determine at a glance.

The photographs are excellently taken and reproduced. There are a few exterior views, but the majority are interiors. A number of the pages at the back are given over to textiles, ceramics, glass, metal work, and furniture. There is no doubt that among this material designers and prospective home builders will find much that is suggestive and helpful.

BERNARD LEMANN

## Processes of Graphic Reproduction in Printing

By Harold Curwen. New York, 1934. Oxford University Press, Publishers. Price, \$3.75.

**T**HIS is a useful book for the beginner in the graphic arts, for those who have to purchase various sorts of printing-blocks, or have to do with the reproduction of artists' work for printing. It covers a wide field, and not too deeply: but what it says in the way of explanation of processes is accurate. It is copiously illustrated with specimens of the various methods of reproduction, and with many pen and ink pictures of the tools and devices used in reproduction.

Under "Autographic Methods" we find the

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three usual divisions of relief, intaglio, and lithographic, as well as a fourth—stencilling. Photographic methods are divided into line, continuous tone, photogravure, and collotype (heliotype). For some odd reason there is thrown in for good measure a chapter on book-binding.

We recommend this book to students, and it will be a good book to put on a shelf beside the British Museum "Guide to Processes and Schools of Engraving," which it supplements by pictures and details.

CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS

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12:30 P. M. Luncheon: "MORE BEAUTIFUL COMMUNITIES"  
*Afternoon* Free for Gallery visits, etc.

4:30 P. M. Garden Party, "Dumbarton Oaks," Estate of Hon. and Mrs. Robert Woods Bliss

8:30 P. M. Reception, Textile Museum of the District of Columbia  
 Talk on Collections by George Hewitt Myers, Director

## WEDNESDAY, MAY 22

10:00 A. M. MORNING SESSION—COLLEGES AND SECONDARY SCHOOLS

Panel Discussion. Chairman: C. C. Zantzinger, Second Vice-President

*Panel:*

- \*René d'Harnoncourt (Sarah Lawrence College, N. Y.)
- \*Oscar B. Jacobson (The University of Oklahoma)
- Russell H. Kettell (Middlesex School, Concord, Mass.)
- \*Edwin A. Park (Bennington College, Vermont)
- Josef Albers (Black Mountain College, North Carolina)
- Charles H. Sawyer (Phillips Academy, Andover)
- \*Raymond S. Stites (Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio)
- \*Henry L. Upperman (Baxter Seminary, Tennessee)
- Henry M. Wriston (Lawrence College, Appleton, Wisconsin)

12:30 P. M. Luncheon: "THE WORK OF THE INSTITUTE OF ARCHITECTS FOR ART EDUCATION"  
 Speaker: C. C. Zantzinger, F.A.I.A.

2:00 P. M. BUSINESS SESSION

Chairman: F. A. Whiting, President

Election of Directors

Resolutions, etc.

Discussion: "THE FEDERATION: ITS FUTURE AS INDICATED BY THIS CONVENTION"

Adjournment

3:30 P. M. Meeting of Board of Directors

4:30—6:00 P. M. Reception: Phillips Memorial Gallery

7:00 P. M. *Banquet*: Mayflower Hotel (with College Art Association)

Greetings from

1. John S. Shapley, President, College Art Association
2. Paul J. Sachs, President, American Association of Museums
3. F. A. Whiting, President, The American Federation of Arts

Addresses by:

Herbert J. Spinden, Curator, Prehistoric and Primitive Art, Brooklyn Museum

Henry M. Wriston, President, Lawrence College

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\* Invited, but not heard from as we go to press.



The magic of art is that it *can* create “forms more real than living man.” We do not look on these images as we do on facts; they are in a different world. If in a picture, or statue, or poem a fact remains a fact, something outside ourselves, there is no art.

LAURENCE BINYON